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TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Trailing arbutus of the early Spring,
  Hiding your blushes 'neath the withered leaves,
That last year robed the trees in emerald green,
How fair and fragile do your blossoms seem,—
  And sweetly tender, that one scarce believes
Your bed was covered with the Winter's snow,
Where wailing winds in jarring discord blow.

O, flower! blending fairy pink and white,
  And fingering kisses on the morning air;
Your sweet lips smiling with peculiar grace,
Heightens the glory of your modest face;
  Upturned to Heaven in silent, trustful prayer;
Prayer that no golden pinions floats along,
Awhile the brooklet sings its woodland song.

Trailing arbutus! even the skies above
  Seem brighter, for your tender flowers that bloom
So innocently pure in the dark wood,—
Your silent language thus is understood;
  And robin redbreast sings a sweeter tune.
The lesson you have taught I shall recall
When trembling shadows o'er my pathway fall.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

"You would not think it was strange if you knew all. Charlie was handsome and graceful—every one loved him; I was ugly, uncouth, ungainly, awkward—no one loved me. I knew that I was an eyesore, a disgrace. I—well, well—we'll not talk about it, Ailsa. I suffered much before I resolved upon doing as I did."

"You must have suffered," said the gentle lady.

"I have been a hard, stern, cold man all my life," confessed Peter Lennox. "I have devoted myself to one thing, and have cared for nothing else. Years ago I learned that money was power. I sought to obtain it—I would have money. I have spent my life in working for it, and I have succeeded. In the New World, where I am better known than here, they call me 'Peter Lennox the millionaire.'"

"I am glad that you have succeeded," said Lady Lennox gently.

"Yes—success is the very wine of life. I thought that I cared for nothing else but money; yet of late something has been pulling at my heart strings—something has stirred up faint memories of home. Three years ago I met in New York some one who had known my brother Charlie. He gave me all his history, and told me how he had been courted by the noblest of the land—'Prince Charlie' they called him. I heard the story of his ruin, of his sudden death, of the loss of the old home, Erceldean, and a new ambition entered my heart. I said that I would go back home, that I would seek out 'Prince Charlie's' wife and child, that I would purchase Erceldean and restore the glories of the house of Lennox."

Lady Lennox clasped her hands and words of unutterable thanksgiving went up from her heart. Beatrix stood pale and trembling, her dark eyes fixed on her uncle's face.

"The name of Lennox has always been one of the first and foremost in Scotland," he said; "now we will restore it to its original grandeur—we will place a halo of gold around it. I have great ideas of what I shall do."

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Lady Lennox, "that I have lived to see this day! I have been afraid, terribly afraid, that we should die deserted. I dare not look back at the years that I have passed without hope."

"You need not remain here another day," said Peter Lennox. "I have taken a house in London—a mansion, I should say. It is already fitted up and decorated, as the auctioneers say, in the most complete and charming fashion. Seriously, it is one of the finest houses in the metropolis—and it is quite ready for you."

"In London?" cried Lady Lennox. "I can hardly realise it! Heaven has heard my prayer at last."

"London?" repeated Beatrix, with a look of dismay. "Oh, mamma, shall we leave mountain and loch for a city full of men?"

Neither of them noticed the dismay, the dread in her voice; they were engrossed in their own plans.

"I have lived for one object," said Peter Lennox, "and I shall accomplish it yet. I shall buy back Erceldean, and make it once more the home of our race. I am willing to give double the price that it was sold for. I want to restore it to more than its ancient grandeur; I want to live there with you, sister, and Beatrix shall once more be heiress of Erceldean."

The lovely face grew deadly pale.

"I," she repeated, "heiress of Erceldean! Oh, mamma, do you remember the morning when we left it—how you knelt in the long grass and wept?"

"I remember," said Lady Lennox—she spoke in a dreamy musing tone, as though her thoughts were far away; then, rousing herself, she added, "Beatrix darling, your uncle would like some refreshment. See what there is. Ask Margaret to attend to it."

Peter Lennox watched the sweet face with its proud imperial tenderness, the tall graceful figure with its dignified, unstudied elegance. The sunlight fell on her lustrous hair, on the violet and gold, on the delicate hands. He watched her in silence until she disappeared and the door closed, and then he turned to Lady Lennox.

"Forgive me if I speak very plainly, Ailsa, but I must say that in all my life I have never seen any one even half so beautiful as your daughter Beatrix. She has the grace, the dignity, the beauty of a queen; there is something royal about her, something so bright, so frank, so proud. Ah, Ailsa, she with her beauty can do more towards restoring the grandeur of the old name than even I with my gold; but the two together, you will see, will be irresistible."

She looked up wonderingly at the elation in his voice.

"Why?" she asked. "How?"

"Do you not see? Do you not understand? With the beauty Heaven has given her, and the gold with which I shall endow her, she can marry any one; the greatest peer in England will be only too proud to make her his wife."

Lady Lennox looked anxious.

"Beatrix marry? I am afraid, Peter, we shall have trouble over that; she does not like men."

Peter Lennox laughed aloud.

"Has she seen any?" he asked. "Does she know any?"

"Why, of course she remembers her father—just remember him; then she knows Doctor Steward; and," continued Lady Lennox faintly, "she has seen John March, who supplies us with meat. I—I do not know that she has seen any others."

Peter Lennox laughed again.

"Do forgive me," he said, "but it is like a comedy. Beatrix dislikes men, and she has seen only four, all of them old and prosy, myself included. I cannot help laughing. Wait until she sees a handsome young marquis, or a good-looking duke."

Lady Lennox shook her head gravely.

"You do not know Beatrix," she told him; "she is not in the least like other girls. I often wish she would give a thought to love and lovers, as young girls do."

"Does she not?" asked Peter.

"No," was the answer; "but I blame myself most severely; it is all my fault. When I came here first, my heart was almost broken, and I said hard things of men and women—hardest of men, because I thought they had been cruel to me. Beatrix has caught the tone of my ideas. I was careless, and did not find it out until lately. I am afraid she will never tolerate a lover—never marry."

"Have no fear," Peter Lennox laughed; "the fire in those dark eyes of hers will light a flame that even she will not be able to extinguish. The only thing we shall have to do will be to exercise care, for it strikes me that when she does love there will be no half-heartedness about it."

Time proved that he was right.

CHAPTER VIII.

One day's residence at the old Grange proved to Peter Lennox that he had more difficulties in his way than he had dreamed of. He was struck by Beatrix's character. She had strength of will, firmness, self-reliance; he could hardly imagine that she was "Prince Charlie's" daughter. If her father had had but a tithe of her firmness, he would never have been ruined. He saw that she was quite unlike other girls, that she had a high notion of faith, chivalry, and honor—a notion that could never have been fostered in the heated, artificial atmosphere of a large city. Like Lady Lennox, he began to see that the girl's training had been bad for her. She divided men into two classes—heroes and traitors; whereas the majority of men are neither the one nor the other, but simply good and honest in a commonplace fashion. He understood too that ordinary motives would not influence her; love of gold, of rank, of title, would be as nothing to her. To influence her and bend her to his wishes, he must become master of the romantic side of her character—then all would go well. To talk to her of love, of lovers, of a good match, was simply to lose time. He formed his purpose and did not deviate from it. He would say nothing to her until she had once more seen Erceldean.

Peter Lennox was greatly elated about his beautiful niece; his own vast wealth would, he knew, give him the *entree* everywhere—the beauty of Beatrix was even of more value in his eyes. He watched her one morning as she swept in her quaint picturesque dress through the gloomy rooms, and then turned to Lady Lennox.

"Ailsa," he said in a low voice, "that daughter of yours will make a sensation. I have seen some of the loveliest women in America; they would pale before her. She has the noble air, the free frank grace that the Romans of old gave to their goddesses. She is the finest woman I have ever seen; but she will be difficult to manage."

"Yes," replied Lady Lennox; "I have always foreseen that."

Peter Lennox smiled a grim smile.

"You must feel like a dove who has found a young eagle in its nest. That girl ought to marry well, Ailsa. She must marry well, with her beauty and my gold. She might marry the highest peer in England. But you must leave her to me. I can manage her."

The shrewd, keen man of business, who had passed his life in accumulating money, understood the rare character of Beatrix Lennox better than her gentle mother. To her the girl's proud, stormy, passionate nature, with its keen loves, its keen hates, its great mistakes, its faults springing from a noble source, was all a sealed book. She could no more understand it than she could discern the beauty of the changing skies and the loveliness of the varying heather. Peter Lennox saw and understood better the qualities of that noble nature. He contented himself for a time at Strathnarn by supplying the two ladies with all the luxuries of life. He decided not to introduce his beautiful niece to society until he had taught her at Erceldean the chief lesson of her life.

"You must not leave Strathnarn," he said to Lady Lennox, "until you can return to Erceldean."

She, poor lady, was so overjoyed at the prospect of release that she felt a few months would make no difference to her; while Beatrix, who loved the old Grange, looked upon the coming release with dread. There were times when she was almost afraid of the day dawning, Lady Lennox was so greatly affected.

"Beatrix, I cannot realise it," she would cry, with sudden passion. "My dear, do you remember how we left your father's house? Can you realise how we shall return to it? I am afraid my darling, that I shall die before the day comes—the prospect is too good. I have suffered so terribly. I have not told you, my darling; but I have wept through long nights and long days. My heart has seemed to be burning itself away in one longing hope, one longing desire to leave here. It seems to me that I am dreaming. Our departure cannot be at hand."

"It is true, mamma, that very soon we shall say 'good-bye' to Strathnarn; but I doubt if anything in the world can make us happier than we have been here. The world of men and women does not seem to me half so attractive as the world we are leaving flowers and heather, of loch and mountains."

"You will think differently when you have seen something of it," replied Lady Lennox. "There is one thing you must not forget, Beatrix. The life given to us has its duties. Now here we fulfil no duties; we pass our days, as we spend our nights, in dreams. When we are away from here, we shall find plenty of active duties—and those are best."

It was in the middle of summer that Peter Lennox wrote to Lady Lennox, telling her that the desire of his heart was gratified. Erceldean was his own; he had purchased it. He had spared no pains decorating and refurnishing it. He had made it one of the most magnificent homes in Scotland.

"Your return shall be a triumph," he told her. "Those who neglected you shall raise up their heads in wonder as you pass by—those who left you to pine in solitude shall ask, and ask in vain, for the honor of knowing you again—those who refused to help you shall wish they had done so, and ask in their turn that which you shall not give. I will avenge you. 'Prince Charlie's' wife and daughter shall hold their own again, and I shall rejoice in their success."

"Beatrix," said Lady Lennox, "I do not think that I shall live through it. See, darling, how my hands tremble; I feel faint and ill. I cannot realise it. I left Erceldean with every man's hand raised against me; I shall return to it in triumph."

"You deserve to triumph, mamma," responded the young girl. "If patience and meekness deserve reward, you will find yours now." She spoke bravely, but her mother's agitation alarmed her more than she cared to show.

"I am always thinking that I shall wake up and find it all a dream," continued Lady Lennox. "When we first came to Strathnarn, I was always dreaming of rescue and waking up in despair. Oh, Beatrix, if now—if, after all, this was never to be, how should I bear it?"

"But why alarm yourself in that way, mamma? What could happen?" inquired her daughter.

"I think of a thousand things," was the reply. "We might, for instance, offend or displease your uncle, and then he would send us back to Strathnarn."

"We are not likely to displease him," said the young girl, touched by the fear of her mother. "For your sake I will do all I can to please him, mamma. I will study him. Even if the worst comes, and he wants to send us back, we will refuse to go."

Lady Lennox looked up with an expression of great relief.

"You make me very happy, my darling," she declared. "That is what I have feared all along. You are so impulsive, so frank; you have such a strange fashion of saying what you think. I am always afraid that you will offend him. I have not given you the training which will fit you to take your place in the world, Beatrix, I know it now."

But Beatrix, in the dauntless pride of youth, health, and beauty, was not to be alarmed.

"Have no fear, mamma," she said in her straightforward fashion. "You have made for yourself an ideal kind of a young lady, with the eyes of a dove and a mouth that never did anything except smile sweetly—a young lady who says the most proper and sensible things on every occasion, and meekly merges her own identity in that of others. You have made this ideal young lady for yourself, mamma, and now you are half aggrieved that I am not like her. I am not—I never shall be. I have an identity of my own—and very tiresome it is, I fear. One thing I promise you mamma—and you know how implicitly you may rely on my word—I will never displease my uncle."

It was easy to make that promise. In the untried heroism of her nature she had already trampled every difficulty under foot. She had to learn how her opinions of her uncle would clash.

"I can bear anything for my mother's sake," thought the generous girl. "I will never quarrel with him even should he turn out to be one of the meanest and most mercenary of men."

To be mean and to be mercenary were, in the eyes of Beatrix Lennox, to possess two of the greatest faults; and she said to herself that for her mother's sake she would overlook even such blemishes. But, had she known him better, those were the last two faults she would have expected to find in the character of Peter Lennox.

The day of their return to Erceldean was a day never forgotten. It seemed as though Heaven itself sympathised with them. The skies had never appeared so blue, the sun had never seemed to shine so brightly, the world was all fair. Peter Lennox, with his new and beautifully-appointed carriage, his magnificent roans, his well-trained servants, was at the station to meet him. He looked excited and pleased.

"I hope it will not distress you, Ailsa," he said—"I really did not know how to prevent it. The people have determined upon giving you what seems like a royal reception. I told them that you were not strong, and that it might be too much for you. They would not listen to me."

"They are the same people who closed heart and hand to me when I went away," she replied sadly.

"You must forget all that," he told her. "The world never sympathises with poverty. The people will be glad to see you back, and you must respond to their civilities."

So the sweet young daughter, in all the proud loveliness of her race, and the gentle mother whose heart had been saddened by poverty, went back in triumph to their old home. They drove underneath arches where the word "Welcome" looked down upon them, past crowds of people who cried "Welcome!" and some of whom added, "Thank Heaven we see your ladyship's face again!" amid the music of bells and the cheers of a rejoicing crowd. Even the little children had gathered great handfuls of harebells and flung them before them. It was indeed a royal welcome home, and, when the carriage had stopped before the great hall door and the crowd gathered around, Peter Lennox stood up to speak to the welcomers.

"Men and women of Erceldean," he said, "the Lennoxes have lived here for long generations. Misfortune sent them away for a time, but in the sunshine of prosperity they have returned to the old home, where, please Heaven, they will live and die. Now three cheers for Lady Lennox, and three more for poor 'Prince Charlie's' daughter!" He knew how that name "Prince Charlie" would touch them, how well they had loved the gay gallant gentleman who bore it.

And "Prince Charlie's" daughter, while the music and cheering filled the air, turned to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "away there to the left is the hillock on which we knelt when they sent us from home years ago. Do you remember how you cried and how you prayed? We did not foresee this scene in those days."

In her heart gentle Lady Lennox said, "Thank Heaven!" while Beatrix thought proudly, "Men may talk as they will about being noble; after all, money rules the world. But it shall never rule me!"

CHAPTER IX.

"It is a grand domain, Beatrix," said Peter Lennox. "See—far and wide as the land stretches, all those noble woods, the fertile meadows, the fields of golden corn, the beautiful homesteads, the rich farms, the pretty hamlets—all belong to Erceldean; the estate is larger than it was in the palmiest days of your ancestors."

They had ascended together, uncle and niece, to the summit of the highest tower of the Castle, and they stood looking at the glorious landscape that lay spread out like a map before them, Beatrix with a flush on her beautiful face, and Peter Lennox with the fire of exultation in his eyes.

"It is a grand domain," he repeated; "and the richest part of it lies out of sight."

She looked inquiringly at him; he nodded his head and smiled triumphantly.

"I am right, Beatrix. Long years ago, when I was an idle, reckless boy, who went pillaging birds'-nests in the Erceldean woods, or fishing by stealth in forbidden streams—even then I used to tell my father that there was coal on the estate. I had studied geology a little when I was a boy. He laughed at me, and said that I was a dreamer, Beatrix. I do not look much like one," he added, with a grim smile.

"No," agreed frank Beatrix, "that you do not, uncle."

"I was right about the coal. As soon as Erceldean was my own I sent for some of the cleverest men in England to bore for it—and it is found!"

"Does that make much difference?" asked Beatrix carelessly.

"Yes—such a difference as you will appreciate in after-days. People called me a millionaire before. 'According to the belief of men, if you are a millionnaire you must be a very happy man.'"

"Why?" asked Peter Lennox.

"Because they seem to think money the alpha and omega, the beginning and end, the centre and source of all happiness."

"Not all men," he said quietly. "You are right enough in the abstract, Beatrix; but there are men who prefer honor and nobility to gold. However, this finding of coal on the Erceldean estates will make you Beatrix Lennox, the richest heiress in England."

He watched her keenly. No flush of triumph came to her face, the light of exultation did not deepen in her eyes; evidently the power of gold did not touch her. Her face, so beautiful in its patrician pride, expressed only wonder as she raised it to his.

"Why am I to be heiress of all, uncle?" she asked.

He looked down on her with a proud smile.

"You are the last of your race, Beatrix; there is no one to inherit my vast fortune, this grand domain of Erceldean, but yourself."

She seemed half puzzled.

"But, uncle, you may marry," she said; "you may have sons and daughters of you own. Why do you speak as though life were all over for you?"

A haggard look came into his face.

"Love and marriage are not for me," he answered. "Looking at me, Beatrix, you would never think that a woman had betrayed me; you would never believe that I, Peter Lennox the millionaire, the man who has made and who loves his money, had once loved a woman's face better than my own heart's blood—you would not think it, Beatrix."

"No," she said softly; "I should not."

"Yet it is true. I am a Lennox by name, but I have not the fatal Lennox beauty; I have not the charms and the witchery which make the men of our race irresistible and the women fatal. I am plain, stern, cold, but there has been one warm feeling in my life, fire amidst the snow, one all-absorbing, all devouring passion that, passing like a tempest, left ruin and despair behind. I talk of it coldly to you now; I say to myself, 'Oh, fool, to have wasted the whole love of a lifetime on a woman!' All the same I did it."

"My poor uncle!" sympathised Beatrix.

It was her first contact with human passion in any shape or form, and it thrilled her with awe and wonder. Human love, that made the face of a stern man worn and haggard, that touched his hair with gray and robbed his eyes of their light, was more wonderful than the love of the poets or dramatists.

"My poor uncle!" she repeated, with her soft musical voice.

He drew himself proudly away.

"You need not pity me; no Lennox can endure pity. I lived my life, I indulged my love, I gathered its fruits. I did not make a bad exchange when I gave up the light of a woman's eyes for the glitter of gold; woman betrays, gold is faithful. I want no pity; I have never even pitied myself. How could I, plain of face, stern of speech, wanting in grace—how could I hope to keep a woman's heart, even after I had won it? Yet I, who talk so coldly now, I went mad once, Beatrix; I spent days and nights in such torture as you could not even comprehend—I went mad. Ah, child, we will not talk about it! If ever you think that I am colder, sterner, harder in heart and speech than other men, remember that I have suffered much, that a woman's soft hand struck the blow that slew all my faith and hope and youth."

"Did you marry some one who did not love you uncle?" she asked quietly.

"I will not tell you, Beatrix; I will say no more about it; remember only that you are my heiress, that I shall never marry—I never can—that all I have in this world goes to you—you are my heiress, Beatrix Lennox of Erceldean, and you will be one of the richest woman in England."

She stood quite still, watching from the summit of the Castle tower the sunlight lying so bright and clear on the broad lands below—watching the birds as they flew from tree to tree—watching the great swaying boughs. The sunshine fell full upon her exquisite face and queenly head. She turned slowly to Peter Lennox.

"Uncle," she said, "I do not care very much about money. Mamma felt that her poverty was the worst part of her seclusion. I did not care about it; it did not pain me."

"I am not surprised, Beatrix. You do not understand; you have not learned the power of money yet."

"Its power must always be limited," she told him; and, looking earnestly at the noble face, he said to himself that now he knew what would influence her best.

"Beatrix," he said, "if any one placed a jewel of great price in your hand, and asked you to guard it, you would carefully preserve it, would you not?"

"Yes, indeed I would!" she replied; and the firm, earnest musical voice filled his heart with hope. He took both her hands in his. He held them open and looked at them.

"Beatrix," he said gently, "I am going to do that very thing. These hands of yours, so warm, so soft, so white, must henceforth hold all the honor and credit, all the well being and responsibility, all the hope and the future of your race. You, Beatrix Lennox, must be heiress of Erceldean, and the grand old race of Lennox must revive in you. Will you take the trust?"

She drew back a little, her brilliant face suddenly growing pale.

"That is too much to ask of me, uncle—too much for me to undertake," she replied.

"Surely not too much? I want to tell you something about our race, Beatrix. It is one of the noblest in a land where honor and nobility stand high. A false, a cowardly, a traitorous Lennox never lived. The men of our race have stood firm when the nation itself has swayed; they have stood by the king on his throne—they have fought for him on the battle-field; the honor of bonnie Scotland has lain untarnished in their hands. They have never enriched themselves at the expense of country or honor. They have saved the life of a noble king; they have suffered torture and death rather than betray even an ignoble one; they have ever been—listen, Beatrix, to the words—'truest friends and noblest foes.' They have been generous to their enemies, true and faithful to their friends."

She bent forward, listening eagerly to every word that came from his lips, her eyes deepening with a golden glow.

"No Lennox has ever betrayed friend or foe; in times past their word has stood like the oath of another; their banners have led the truest lances in Scotland; their swords have won—so much for the men. The women have been as fair as the men have been brave. One, the fairest of them, the Beatrix after whom you are named, won the heart of a king, and for Scotland's sake refused to wear the Scottish crown. 'A king must mate with a princess,' she told the king who wooed her, 'and not with one of his subjects.' To win one of the daughters of the house of Lennox was a great achievement in those days; they have wedded Crusaders and Cavaliers, English gentlemen and French Princes; not one of them ever married beneath her; or imperilled the honor of her race. Beatrix, now will you shrink from any sacrifice to restore this illustrous name to even more than its former grandeur? Could I place in your hands a jewel of greater price than this? Could I give to you, a girl, a young, earnest, but untried, a nobler mission, a grander trust? Could I Beatrix?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "you could not."

"I have been waiting for some days to speak to you, to tell you that your destiny is not quite the same as that of other girls. You have greater beauty, you will have greater wealth—you will also have greater responsibility. Most women of your rank born into this world have little else to do than amuse themselves. You must have no self, Beatrix. You must live for your mission, just as a good and noble queen lives for her country; the one object of your life must be to restore the fame of your race—to restore its grandeur. You must live, move, speak, think, act, plan, marry, all for the glory of your race. Will you do this, Beatrix?"

"I will," she replied; and a radiant light was on her face as she spoke.

"When, in the long years to come, people read the records of your family—the annals of the Lennoxes—let them say that in the time of Beatrix Lennox more than their former ascendency was gained by the race that have always been true to King and State. Is not that better worth living for, Beatrix, than dreaming by moor and mountain?"

"Yes, you are right, uncle. It is a good object in life."

"I have given my life to it," he said; "now you must give yours. I set myself to win a fortune—I have won it. I set myself to win back Erceldean—it is mine. Set before yourself, Beatrix, the one grand purpose of your life, and never swerve from it. Let people see that the old fire burns in us—that the old spirit lives and is not extinct—that "Prince Charlie's" daughter has the spirit, the energy, the patience to bring back all that "Prince Charlie" himself, in the carelessness of his generosity, lost. Will you try?"

"I will do it, uncle," she replied.

"Those who would succeed in any one purpose in these degenerate times must set to work with almost savage earnestness. You must do the same. No matter what comes, you must always say to yourself, 'Erceldean first—the Lennoxes first—everything must give way to them.'"

"It shall," she replied, with simple earnestness. "I shall love my life better if it has to be spent for others than if it had to be spent entirely for myself."

She did not foresee then to what those words committed her.

CHAPTER X.

Society welcomed Beatrix Lennox as it had welcomed her uncle, with open arms. Peter Lennox had spared no expense. He had taken the position in society which became a millionaire. He had purchased a house in Belgravia; it had been furnished and decorated in most superb manner. Every luxury that art could devise or money secure was there. All climes had contributed towards its magnificence. People asked as a favor to go over it. No other mansion in London held such a magnificent or varied collection of pictures and statues, rare glass, china, and flowers. People accustomed to splendor asked each other in accents of wonder if anything like it had ever been seen in London. The ball-room alone was marvellous in its costly luxury.

The great world talked of Peter Lennox. "Prince Charlie's" brother—the brother whom all had believed to have been drowned—who had made an immense fortune in America. He had returned to England, sought out his niece and made her his heiress. Almost every one had some recollection of "Prince Charlie." They would not have avowed it had his brother not returned a millionaire. That made a wonderful difference. "Prince Charlie's" faults were forgotten then. People remembered only the handsome Lennox face, the gay brilliant manner, the warm generous heart, the royally open, recklessly bountiful hands, the handsome accomplished courtier, the gallant friend. Many of the matrons now living had been girls when he was a young man, and there were few amongst them who had not at one time or another won a bright glance of admiration from him and longed for another. They were all pleased to receive "Prince Charlie's" daughter. They welcomed her gladly; and the delicate, refined Lady Lennox, whose long seclusion no one seemed to remember, was most cordially welcomed too. People talked blandly to each other about her. She had been such a devoted wife, they said; since her husband's death she had lived in complete retirement. But Mr. Lennox very properly forced her out into the world again. Not a single allusion was made to the time when Lady Lennox had sought for help and met with nothing but a cold response. Even the Duchess of Elmslie—the proud peeress who had officiated as godmother to "Prince Charlie's" daughter, yet who had declined to answer the appeal made by Lady Lennox—came to welcome them, and, taking Lady Lennox's hands in her own, cried—

"My dear Lady Lennox, what a time it is since I have seen you! What have you been doing with yourself all these years? I am so pleased to meet you! Where is my godchild? I have not forgotten her."

"No, I must congratulate your Grace upon having a most accomodating memory," said Lady Lennox—for which delicate little sarcasm Beatrix could have blessed her mother on the spot.

The Duchess could not blush—the rouge on her face was too thick; nor did she abate in the least the charming graciousness of her manner; she was quite accustomed to "that kind of thing."

"Where is she?" continued her grace. "I remember her father—'Prince Charlie,' as we used to call him—so well. I am longing to see my goddaughter."

The Duchess looked amazed, and lost some of her indifference, when Beatrix came up to her; she glanced at the lovely, noble face, at the grateful, dignified figure; for once in her life she expressed herself naturally.

"You are very like your father, my dear," she said frankly.

"Your Grace could pay me no higher compliment," returned the girl, with a haughty bow.

The Duchess was slightly taken back; how could she ever have imagined that "Prince Charlie's" daughter would develop into a perfect wonder of beauty and grace? The girl's exquisite bloom, arising from her vigorous health, her natural grace and freedom, struck her. Peter Lennox always declared that his niece looked as though she had lived on the mountains. Her Grace of Elmslie had seen pale patrician beauties by the dozen; and she had always been considered a keen judge of a *debutante's* prospects. If she prophesied success, as a rule the *debutante* succeeded; if she prophesied failure, her words generally came true. She was looked upon as a Sibyl; and she who had pronounced judgment upon half the beauties in London stood before this young girl, fresh from her mountain-home, in wondering surprise.

"I am more pleased than I can say," continued her grace, with a little nod; "and I predict success for you, Miss Lennox."

She wondered that there came no flush into the brilliant face that gazed so calmly at her; no delight shone in the dark eyes, no smiles welcomed the words. The Duchess, thinking to give her pleasure, went on.

"It is strange," she said, "that we have had no brunette beauties this year; they are all blondes. Really one tires of golden hair and pale faces. Yours will be quite a refreshing change."

Beatrix made no reply; flattery was unpalatable to her. The Duchess did not perceive it, but went on.

"I hope, Lady Lennox, that you will allow me to present my goddaughter at Court, there will be a Drawing-room soon, and she must be presented at once. Then, my dear," she added, turning with a smile to Beatrix, "I predict that you will make a sensation."

"For which I should be most heartily sorry," said Beatrix quickly; and her Grace looked up in surprise.

"Sorry to make a sensation?" she questioned. "Surely you are jesting? I can imagine nothing more pleasing to a girl than that her loveliness should make a sensation."

"I know very little about girls," said Beatrix; "and, if that satisfies them, I shall not care to know much more. To me a sensation seems rather vulgar than otherwise."

The Duchess smiled with calm, bland superiority.

"You will understand better some day," she said. "But, seriously speaking, Beatrix, I see a grand future before you; and I should like to be your guide through the mazes of society. I venture to predict that if you enter society under my auspices you will soon be the belle of belles. What do you say?"

Lady Lennox hastened to answer for her.

"We shall be delighted and happy if she does so, dear Duchess!" she replied. "I have been so long out of society myself that I seem to have lost all knowledge of it; and I shall be most grateful if you will chaperon Beatrix for me."

So it was under the Duchess's auspices that Beatrix began her new life.

Peter Lennox was most lavish in his generosity. He gave Beatrix a cheque-book, desiring her to purchase all that was needful for her mother and herself. The Duchess was again to the fore; it was she who advised, who directed, who chose the superb dresses, the costly laces and rich embroideries. And, when the whole of the purchases came home, together with a quick, bright, active Parisian maid, whom the Duchess had engaged for her goddaughter, Beatrix stood marvelling. There were satins, velvets, laces, embroideries, fans, feathers, slippers, jewels—a perfect store of luxury. She looked round with a smile and a sigh, remembering the tartan dress that had been her chief pride. She rejoiced at seeing her mother dressed as became her rank and station—indeed the girl's admiration for her mother was far greater than her interest in herself. She looked over the pearl gray silks, the rich brocades.

"Dear mamma," she said to Lady Lennox, "I am so happy that you should once more be like yourself. How lovely you must have been when my father loved you first!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONGS UNSUNG.

Within the master's teeming brain
What chord has swelled, what anthem striven,
Struggled for utterance in vain,
Cried out for life, but died again,
Unknown but to its native heaven!
And left the mourning sons of earth
To find above its perfect birth!

Within each separate human soul
Live melodies that sweeter are
Than those which solemn organs roll,
Or silver-tongued singers troll,
Or morning star cries out to star;
But, chilled by the dark world's eclipse,
They die before they reach the lips.

The Poor Governess.

"Why, Annie, what in the world makes you so foolish! Why, when I was young, I would have jumped with joy, if I had received an invitation to attend a party like this. Only think, child, what an honor she has conferred upon you by inviting you to a party where the *elite* of the town will be assembled. If you do not go, you will surely offend Mrs. Stoddard. And I would not have you do that."

And Widow Blaine laid down her work and gazed lovingly in the face of her handsome daughter, who was sitting in the corner, nervously twitching the invitation which she had recently received from Mrs. Stoddard to a party to be given in honor of her son, who had just returned from a long continental tour. This party was the sole topic of conversation in the lively little town of Elms; and it is no wonder that Mrs. Blaine was surprised that her daughter decided not to attend it.

"Annie, you will always regret it if you do not go."

"No, mother, I shall not. And, if you wish, I will give you my reasons. As I was returning from the Watkins', with my music books in my hand, I was compelled to pass a group of young ladies engaged in conversation about the party. I heard one say, 'There goes a governess; I've heard she has an invitation to the party; if I really knew it was true, I would not go, as papa would discountenance my associating with such a person.' 'I presume she has an idea,' says another, 'that she will be able to cope with us for the hand of Walter Stoddard!' And the others laughed loudly at the rude sally. This, mother, is the cause of my deciding not to go."

"Never mind those young girls, or their conversation; they were rude and unlady like. Mrs. Stoddard deems you as good as they are, or you would not have been invited. So go to please me."

"Mamma, I will go to please you and kind Mrs. Stoddard, but I shall be unhappy, I know."

"Well, go then, my child, to please me, and at the same time be pleased yourself."

Annie arose reluctantly from her chair, as if she were going to sacrifice herself on the altar of devotion, rather than prepare for an evening's pleasure. In a short time she came down all arrayed for the party. Her dress was plain white muslin, relieved by blue ribbons; and as she stood there, with the last dying rays of the sun playing on her features, she seemed to be a consummation of all that was fair and beautiful."

"Mother, I see Mrs. Stoddard's carriage coming; so kiss me good-bye."

"There darling; now go, and may you pass a happy evening."

The widow stood gazing at the receding carriage, which was soon lost in the lowering shades of night.

"Wealth! What a charm there is in that word! Its influence is unfair and unjust; yet we have the assurance that it is for this life only; in that great hereafter all will be equal; money cannot purchase the favor of God, if it does of men."

Leaving the widow employed with her work and her thoughts, we will enter the festive halls.

When Annie arrived the guests were nearly all assembled; and when she entered the room, a hum of voices arose that brought the blushes fast and thick to her face. Some admired her beauty, and praised her; while others declared they were very much shocked at the conduct of Mrs. Stoddard in inviting a "mere governess" to her party. One young lady, in particular, who was leaning on the arm of her gallant, said she thought it "too bad," and she would inform Mrs. Stoddard that if she persisted for the future in inviting such characters, she would take the liberty of declining her invitations.

All comment at this moment was hushed by the entrance of the lion of the evening, Walter Stoddard. All eyes were turned upon him. Introductions were sought on all sides, and obtained.

In due course of time Annie was introduced to him, and his cousin, Claude Neville, who seemed to be a dependent upon him, a traveling companion—in short, a polite substitute for a servant.

Soon after, the music broke out in lively strains, and scores of dancers were whirling around the room.

Annie, timid and unnoticed, placed herself in a corner, and, during the first part of the evening, enacted the part of "wall flower." Here it was that Claude Neville found her.

"Miss Blaine, may I share the pleasure of banishment with you?"

"Certainly, if there be any pleasure in it."

"To be banished with you would be a pleasure. Do you dance?"

"Seldom; the amusement has no charm for me; I would rather be a looker-on than to take an active part."

"On that point we seem to agree. When traveling with my cousin on the continent, he would pass away many evenings in this enjoyment, while I remained at home from preference."

"From my remarks, Mr. Neville, I do not wish you to infer that I hold any orthodox ideas against it. On the contrary, I deem it a harmless amusement."

"Certainly not. We may dislike what we really know to be right."

Mr. Neville took Annie into the supper-room; and when the party broke up, he placed a carriage of Mrs. Stoddard's at her disposal, and begged the pleasure of calling upon her, which permission she readily granted; for, to tell the truth, she had been captivated by his manners, whilst, in return, she had made fearful inroads upon his heart.

After this, day after day found Mr. Neville at Annie's side. Rambles in the garden, *tete-a-tete* conversations in the house, walks to and from church on Sunday, and all the little pleasures that young lovers indulge in, were enjoyed by them.

But as the brightness of day must give way to the darkness and gloom of night, so had these days of pleasure to give way to a day of sadness.

It was nearing the day of Mr. Neville's departure. The evening previous they were strolling along the bank of the river, when he said, "Annie, to-morrow I leave here, for how long I cannot tell."

"I shall regret it."

"And nothing more?" he exclaimed.

"Why?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Why? Because I love you—love you dearly, Annie. It is all out now; deal kindly with me. I cannot offer you wealth, as my cousin could; neither do I believe money could purchase love like yours. I can only offer you an honest name, untainted, and that which is better than money—my love. Annie, I love you; will you be my wife?"

"I cannot, with justice to myself, answer you now; yet I can assure you that since I first saw you I have learned what love is."

"Thanks, darling, thanks; you are mine, and when I return I will claim you as my wife."

A week after Mr. Neville's departure, Walter Stoddard drove up to the house of Mrs. Blaine, with a handsome turn-out, and remained there for more than an hour. On rising to depart, he begged the privilege of calling upon her, which privilege Mrs. Blaine took it upon herself to sanction. Day after day he called. But still our young heroine seemed cold to him; she was heartless, for her heart was with her absent lover.

One evening he pained her with an avowal of his love.

"Mr. Stoddard, this avowal afflicts me; even were I free to do so, I could not love you."

"Free! Are you not free?"

"No; I am the promised wife of Mr. Claude Neville."

"Claude Neville?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, modestly.

"What can he be to you? He is of obscure parentage, and poor. He can give you nothing, while I will give you an honored name, wealth, and make you mistress of Stoddard Hall!"

"What will Claude give? He will give me an honest name, and the whole love of his honest heart, which love I prize far more than all the gold you could place at my feet, Mr. Stoddard."

"Think of the future. You cannot live on love."

"Whether I live or die, my heart is in Claude's hands, and he will guard it sacredly," she said, firmly.

"If you are resolute, Miss Annie, I will leave you; or do you wish time to decide?"

"No, I have decided; my decision is irrevocable."

He left her, and for months she did not see him, or hear of Claude.

A year had passed, and hope had nearly fled, with broken wings. Yet she lived on, trusting that each coming day would bring him. After the lapse of that year she was visited by Walter Stoddard.

"Miss Annie, have you heard of Claude Neville yet?"

"I have not," she sadly answered.

"Do you ever expect to hear from him again?"

"Why? Oh, do not say he is dead!" she cried, excitedly.

"Oh, no; calm your feelings; he is not dead; but he may be dead to you."

"Dead to me?" she ejaculated.

"Yes," he rejoined.

"Never, sir, never! I pray you, if you respect me, not to insult him in my presence."

"Then you still hope for his return, when you might become my wife—become wealthy and honored? Well," he added, "you may be right; nor do I think I would wish a purchased wife. I hope I may still be your friend."

"Certainly; and a valued one."

"Then I shall take the liberty of inviting a friend of mine here this evening."

"Certainly."

When evening came, Annie anxiously awaited the arrival of Mr. Stoddard and his friend. She was seated in the little parlor, which was only lighted by the dying rays of the day, when he entered.

"Miss Blaine, allow me to introduce to you an old friend."

She arose, and as she faced him, she gave utterance to a suppressed cry of joy. It was Claude Neville. Drawing her to a seat, he told her of his absence; how it had been unavoidable. Then and there he reminded her of her former promise.

"I only learned how well I loved you, Claude, during your long absence."

"Thanks, my little trusting darling," he said, tenderly.

At this moment Mrs. Blaine entered. Claude arose and greeted her.

"Mother—for may I not call you such now?—I have gained your daughter's consent to be my wife; all that remains to complete my happiness is your acquiescence."

"Which you have. Take her, remembering that you remove her from home, as we remove a rose from its parent bush, from the sunshine of home, and all influences. May your love be the sunshine to beautify, and your words as dew that falls from heaven to invigorate."

"Thanks for your advice; I shall lay it at heart, and profit thereby. Yet just here I have a slight disclosure to make, in justice to myself and to you—I am not Claude Neville."

"Not Claude Neville?" they both cried, excitedly.

"No; I am Walter Stoddard, who, to win the love of some pure girl, changed places with his cousin. My mother instigated the plot, and all have acted their parts well. My cousin has been lionized, while I have been jilted and set aside, except by this true girl. My cousin, at my request, tried her faith, and, to my satisfaction, found her as true as gold. I am ashamed that I ever doubted her love, and I ask your forgiveness; will you forgive me, Annie?"

"Oh, yes!" she said.

"I hope you will forgive me," said the cousin, interposing.

"Certainly; all are forgiven."

And just here let us drop the curtain on the happiness of Walter Stoddard and Annie Blaine, once the "poor governess."

* * *

THERE have been fifty-six Atlantic steamers lost during the last thirty-seven years, in which 4,430 persons perished. Nine vessels were never heard from after leaving port, four were burned, thirty wrecked, and five lost through collisions with other vessels, and two by collisions with icebergs, two foundered, and two were lost in a fog. Of nationalities, forty-two were British, five American, four French, four German, and one Belgian.

* * *

A man, having lost his wife, was asked to ride to the grave with his mother-in-law. He objected at first, but allowed himself to be persuaded, adding, however, "I want you to understand that it robs this occasion of all pleasure for me."

GUARDIAN AND WARD.

"Then you will not be my wife, Elise?" And William Vane's voice trembled slightly as he gazed down upon the lovely, half averted face of his companion.

"Be your wife, my dear guardian!" The large gray eyes, in whose depths there lurked a world of merriment and fun, were raised with a surprised look to his.

"Surely you are not in earnest! Why, you are nearly old enough to be my grandfather! The idea is ridiculous!"

And with a merry, ringing laugh, Elise Wilde caught her hat from the table and tripped lightly from the room, stopping a moment to say:

"I am going down into the glen for some primroses; and if you will promise not to get any more such absurd notions into that dear old head of yours, I will let you come with me and carry my basket."

"Indeed! Really, you are generous," said Will with an amused smile.

"You will not go, then? Very well! Unless I am greatly mistaken, yonder person coming up the lane is Captain Paul Croswell. I'm sure he will be only too glad to accompany me."

And playfully throwing a kiss from the tips of her dainty fingers, she flitted out at the open door, leaving the discomfited lover standing with folded arms and thoughtful brow, gazing at the door where she had vanished.

He was thirty-five, remarkably handsome, well informed and very wealthy. Many a speculating mamma had endeavored to entrap him for her marriageable daughters. But he was reserved, did not mingle much in society, and they had all given up in disgust, until it came to be an acknowledged fact in the neighborhood that the owner of stately old Elmwood Hall would never marry.

On his deathbed, his old friend and college chum, Ralph Wilde, had consigned to his care his little daughter Elise, then only ten years of age. He had taken her to the Hall, intending to send her to a boarding-school; but by her winsome ways and loving manners she had entwined herself around his heart until he could not bear to let her be away from him for any length of time. A resident governess had been engaged, and the time flitted rapidly away. Little Elise was, as the housekeeper asserted, the very light and life of the old Hall. Will was satisfied and contented, never once looking forward to the time when she would leave him.

When Elise reached her seventeenth birthday and the schoolbooks had been cast aside, Will awoke to the consciousness that his little Elise was little no longer. The thought of separation now for the first time presented itself, for Elise already had scores of admirers, and many of the numerous visitors to the Hall were attracted thither by the lovely Elise Wilde. Will awoke also to the consciousness that he loved her with all the strength of his mature years, and it pained him, oh! so deeply, to find her treat his love so lightly.

Standing for a moment at the open window, he caught a glimpse of Elise and her escort, Captain Croswell, as they sauntered leisurely down the lane that led to the glen. It was with a heavy sigh he turned to his writing-desk, and lighting a cigar, was soon busily engaged in cutting the leaves of a new book—so busily, indeed, that more than once the keen edge of the knife ran through the middle instead of the edge of the leaf. But then he had taken the knife from the lunch table in an adjoining room, and it happened to be pointed and sharp.

He had been seated but a short time when he heard hurried steps ascending the terrace, and in a moment Paul Crosswell dashed into the room. His face was pale, and he trembled so violently that he could not stand, but sunk at once into the nearest chair.

"Elise!"

"Good heavens! has anything happened to her?"

Great beads of perspiration stood upon Will's brow.

"Where is Elise? Speak, man, speak!" And Will Vane shook the frightened Crosswell violently.

But so completely had fear unnerved the man that he only gasped:

"Elise! The glen!"

Casting Croswell from him, Will dashed from the room and was soon tearing along the lane toward the glen. He had gone but a short way into the gloomy pine covert when a spectacle met his gaze that was well calculated to try the strongest of nerves.

A few yards distant, half kneeling upon the ground with her hands clasped upon her breast, was Elise Wilde, and crouching a few feet from her, with gleaming eyes and working tail, was a huge tiger.

Will took in the situation of affairs in an instant; the tiger was evidently one that had escaped from a traveling menagerie a few days before. Will yet held in his hand the knife he had been using a few minutes before, and thinking only that his darling Elise was in danger, he sprang toward the tiger. Seeing him approach, the huge monster turned from Elise, and, uttering a sullen roar, he darted like a flash through the air.

It was a brief, but a fierce and deadly struggle that followed; but at last the knife reached a vital part, and the royal brute fell dead upon the ground. Poor Will, torn and horribly lacerated by the sharp teeth and long, lance-like claws of the animal, dropped beside him.

All this time Elise had been gazing, in a kind of fascinated horror, at the terrible struggle. When she saw Will fall, seemingly dead, it aroused her from the lethargy, and with a ringing cry which brought the servants trooping from the house, she sprang forward, and, sinking beside Will, she raised his blood-stained head into her lap.

"Oh, Will! Guardian!" she wailed, raining a shower of passionate kisses upon the pale, blood-stained face. "Look up! It is your Elise that calls you!"

The light touch of her hand and her endearing words seemed to have a magical effect, for his eyes opened and he drew the sweet anxious face close down to his, and in a voice vibrating with passion he murmured, "Then you do care for your old Will, Elise?"

Her face was scarlet with blushes now; and, looking into the tender eyes, he read there something that made him very, very happy.

Upon examination, it was found that his wounds were not dangerous, though very painful, and would confine him to his room for several weeks. Elise proved to be an excellent nurse, and under her loving care he rapidly recovered, and in a few weeks he was able to proceed to the village church, where he and Elise were quietly married.

* * *

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial to prevent waste of the spirit; wherefore, jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or spirit.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

UNREASONABLE haste is the direct road to error.

To extol one's own virtue is to make a vice of it.

Do not, as you hope for success, spend time in idleness.

Too much sensibility is the foppery of modern refinement.

SHOW may be purchased; but happiness is a home-made article.

A WISE man seeks to shine in himself; a fool, to outshine others.

THE wisest of men is he who has most complaisance for others.

THE weakest point in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

IT is easier to believe an ill report than to inquire into the truth thereof.

EXCESS of ceremony shows want of breeding; that civility is best which excludes useless formality.

LOOK out for the man who makes a liberal use of the personal pronoun "I" in conversation, for the chances are that he is a liar.

THERE is somewhere a fool-key to your friend's nature, and if you can find it you can make him dance to any tune you may whistle.

HE that does good to another man also does it to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the consciousness of well doing is an ample reward.

IT is not worth while to think too much about being good. Doing the best that we know, minute by minute and hour by hour, we insensibly grow to goodness as fruit grows to ripeness.

THERE is no such thing as posthumous charity. There may be equity, or propriety, in a last designation of earthly goods, but real or intrinsic generosity or benevolence there is not.

IF you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong. And if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do whatever is in your power that is right.

Royal and Historical Crowns.

The coronet placed on the head of the heir apparent of England when created Prince of Wales, is gold, and consists of crosses patee and fleurs de lys, with the addition of one arch; and in the midst a ball and cross, like that in the Royal diadem which was ordered to be used by Charles II. in 1661. The cap is of crimson velvet, and turned up with ermine.

The crown worn by the English Princesses on state occasions is similar to the crown of the Prince of Wales, but without arches, and with a gold tassel on the top of the cap of crimson velvet.

The crown of Bohemia, also called the crown of Wenceslaus, consists of four lily-shaped gold plates, joined by hinges, and studded with uncut precious stones. Corresponding with the compartments of the diadem, a second circle of nine rounded and pointed shields, in enamel work, forms the top of the crown. From this part spring two flat arches, which are joined at the crossing point by a large pearl, surmounted by a cross. To the sides shamrock ornaments, in precious stones, are attached by chains. The upper part of the crown was given to King Stephen by Pope Sylvester II., when in the year 1000 he bestowed the title of Apostolic King on him. The diadem was presented to King Geyss I., by the Byzantine Emperor, Manuel Ducas (Michael VII.) between 1071 and 1078.

The celebrated iron crown of Lombardy was made by order of Princess Theodolinda, the widow of Autharis, King of Lombardy, and presented by her in 594 to her second husband, Agilulph, Duke of Turin. After the death of Agilulph, the iron crown was deposited among the treasures of the convent of Monza, and in 774 used for the coronation of Charlemagne as King of the Lombards. During the middle ages the German Emperors were crowned with the iron crown at Milan, after having assumed the German crown at Aix la-Chapelle, and when on their progress to Rome to receive the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. In 1452 the iron crown was taken to Rome for the coronation of the Emperor Frederick III., and in 1530 to Bologna for Charles V. In 1805 Napoleon assumed the iron crown of Lombardy, and put it on his head with the historical words of Agilulph: "Dieu me l'a donne; gare a qui y touchera." When Lombardy again fell under the rule of Austria, the iron crown was first taken to Verona, and afterwards to Milan, and now belongs to the kings of United Italy. The crown consists of an outer circle of gold, ornamented with rosettes of enamel and precious stones, the compartments of which are held together by an inner circle of iron, from which the crown derives its name. The tradition that the inner circle has been from one of the nails with which Jesus Christ was affixed to the cross, must be taken for what it is worth.

The royal crown of Prussia, which was in use for state ceremonies until 1871, is of comparatively modern workmanship, without cap, the arches and the diadem set with diamonds and precious stones.

The coronet of the Prince Imperial of Germany is executed in a style similar to that of the crown of the German Emperor, and consists of four crosses, from which the arches rise, the intervals between the crosses filled up by imperial eagles. The rich ornamentation is effected with diamonds, precious stones, and pearls.

King Louis Phillipe adopted in 1831 a new arrangement for the crown of France, modifying the shape of the fleurs de lys, and adding a wreath of oakleaves to the diadem, at the same time reinstating the imperial globe with a jeweled zone on the top.

Louis XIV. introduced fleurs de lys as the principal ornament of the French crown for the diadem, as well as for the top. The crown was made in the eighteenth century, and contains 273 diamonds, interspersed with sixty-four colored precious stones of great beauty and value.

Russia preserves eight crowns of provinces conquered at various times, and joined to the empire, viz: the crown of Siberia, the crown of Crimea, the crown of Kiew, the crown of Astrakhan, the crown of Kasan, the crown of Finland, the crown of Poland, and the crown of Krusinia. The crowns taken from Tartar princes have the form of a dome-shaped cap, with a jewel or a cross on the top, and are lavishly ornamented with gold plates, diamonds and precious stones in Byzantine style, and bordered with a velvet band, or with fur. The crown of Poland was made for the Empress Anne, and is a copy of the imperial crown of Russia, with some modification in the gorgeous diamond studding. The crown of Finland was added to the imperial arms after the Peace of Frederikshaven in 1809.

NEWS OF INTEREST

—News from China says the famine is as bad as ever.

—Germany sent no military paintings to the Paris Exposition.

—Dubuque, Ia., has a ten-year old boy who weighs 125 pounds.

—Ex-Empress Eugenie's income is about $250,000 per annum.

—An Ontario clergyman offers reduced marriage rates to clubs of ten.

—The machinery of the Paris Exposition is driven by an American engine.

—France has paid Germany all but $8,286,350 of the $1,051,012,814 war indemnity.

—A picture-frame, just completed by a Jerseyman, contains 1,682 different sorts of wood.

—Within the last three months 200,000 American clocks have been shipped to Australia.

—The New York *World* estimates that there are 800,000 people living in the tenement houses of that city.

—A Rhode Island sparrow has whipped a rat. The fight was about some crumbs, to which each laid claim.

—It is estimated that over 100,000 persons in New England have signed the total abstinence pledge since December 1st.

—An Englishman, of the name of David Stanton, recently won a wager on traveling 1,000 miles in six days with a velocipede.

—The British military authorities have determined to condemn all gray and white horses, because they are too conspicuous.

—Over 250,000 American stoves are now distributed over Great Britain and Ireland. They are considered excellent in every respect.

—Russian papers compute the entire cost incurred by the war on the part of Russia at 850,000,000 roubles, or $637,000,000.

—The monument to Stephen A. Douglass is nearly completed, and will be placed above his grave within the next six weeks.

—Foreign Jews, trading in Russia, are now allowed to become merchants of the first guild, acquiring all the rights of native traders.

—Analysis shows that the bread supplies to the Russian troops in Bulgaria has nineteen per cent. of sawdust and fourteen per cent. of sand.

—During the month of March, hotels were burnt at the rate of two a day in the United States and Canada. Sixty-five in all were destroyed.

—The value of the fruit crop in the United States is estimated by the Government statistician at $140,000,000 a year, or about half the value of the wheat crop.

—A Cincinnati man named Sullivan dropped dead from aneurism of the aorta, the result of exertion and excitement, while in the act of chastising his son.

—It is stated that 150 women recently went from New York to San Francisco to engage in some kind of occupation, and they were all well-married in less than three weeks.

—The Mobile *Register* says that an old negro woman in the southern part of that city died last week from the effects of a bite from her grand-child, whom she was chastizing.

—Three persons living in the parish of Assumption, Louisiana, have killed during the past year 9,000 alligators, saved the oil, and sold the hides for seventy-five cents apiece.

—In Texas there is an oak tree upon which have been grafted sprigs of pine, holly, dog-wood, elm, ash, walnut, apple, and peach. The grafted sprigs have budded, and give promise of living.

—A small boy at Middlebury, Indiana, placed a parlor match between his teeth, one day last week, causing it to ignite in such a manner that the little fellow inhaled the sulphur, causing his death.

—The new Virginia dog law is an excellent one. Every man who will pay the tax on his dog, gets a receipt, acknowledges the animal to be his property, and then if any one steals it he has redress.

—It costs the people of England no less than $60,000,000 a year to maintain "an efficient navy." The estimates for the current year are $55,265,455. An iron-clad costs some $50,000 a year to keep in repair.

—The young Prince Louis Napoleon, who lately drew a number subjecting him to service in the French army, has obtained exemption according to French law, as the only son of a widow. The widow will continue to support her only son.

—German newspapers daily mention the fact that Germany is, if possible, more sadly plagued with tramps than this country. In rural districts women are in hourly anxiety because of these pests, and keep their doors carefully locked whenever their husbands are away from home.

—A cargo of rags from Egypt was recently landed at New Haven for a paper company at Windsor Locks, and the New Haven *Union* says that three employes of the company have died suddenly of a disease which they contracted while handling the rags.

—A man was scared to death in Berryville, Mo. He was passing a graveyard at midnight, when two men sprang from behind a monument and shouted at him. He ran home and went to bed, but was so nervous that he could not sleep, and before morning he died in convulsions.

—An absent-minded man in Monroe, Conn., went to church the other morning with his overcoat, as he supposed, on his arm, but the laughing of the people in church directed his attention to the fact that he had taken his every-day pantaloons, and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his legs.

The Most Highly Prized Object. upon the toilet tables of Fashion is LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. Why? Because it confers the greatest of all charms, a lovely complexion. Under its clarifying and emollient influence, the face, neck and arm acquire the pearly hue of health and beauty, so dissimilar from the false metallic gloss produced by certain hurtful enameling preparations, and the skin becomes as soft as eider down from its use. No pernicious ingredients contaminate this standard article.

A SONG FOR MAY.

To the silent fields, in the early morn,
We go not a-Maying now,
To gather the spoils of the shining thorn
And the yellow oaken bough—
Through the dark old woods, ere the foraging rook
Flaps out of his windy nest;
While the doe still sleeps in her ferny nook,
With the dew on her star-bright breast—
By the moonlit marsh and the moorland stream,
Where the richest wild flowers blow—
Returning ere twilight's pearly gleam,
Half hid in the vernal snow,
With dewy branches the Maypole to bind,
And startle the sunshine and drowsy wind
With streamers and garlands gay.
No more—now the good old custom's dead—
Shall the clustered blooms of spring time shed
Their balmy odors on one bright head
In the crown of the Queen of the May!

Come forth! Let us ramble in thoughtful mood
Through the glowing mid-day hours!
Where the sweet South shakes from the blossoming wood
The pearly and perfumed flowers—
Through the tangled coppice, whose boughs have burst
Into sprays of purple and gold,
As a spirit of Autumn still were nursed
In each subtle and fairy fold,
To nooks where the water-leaves lazily lie,
And the chiming bubbles break;
And glades, where the primrose's gentle eye
Teems pensive for Love's sweet sake—
Or sit 'neath the virgin banner of Spring
Round whose brown standard the bindweeds cling
With flowers like the full May moon;
Where the woodbines lavish their fragrant store;
And the wilding rose from its golden core
Loosens its rich leaves evermore
In the lightest breath of noon.

Come forth! Over all the land around
Sweet murmurs mingle and meet
With the click of the loom and the hammer's sound
In the hidden village street;
There's a whisper of leaves on the shadowy hills,
And below sings the merry mill stream;
And the wood-pigeon's voice that the solitude fills
A spirit of Love doth seem;
The blackbird's challenge comes loud and high
To the thrush in the hollow dells;
And a voice (spring's sweetest!) is heard in the sky,
As of two soft shaken bells.
And hark! a shout from the heart of May—
Of childhood, gathering flowers all day,
Leaf-crowned, like a sylvan chief;
Or searching for elf-stones, and quaint country things—
The black bee belted with "three" bright rings!
The feather that "once was a fairy king's!"
And the "white lady" hid in a leaf.

* * *

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER VII.

"Dorothy's wedding-day!" cried Nell Wyvill to Graham Falconer as her cousin came into her room with the news that the bride was already up and had set off upon a tour of the house, beginning with her mother's room. "I cannot believe or realise it, that, after all, we are going to have a real, proper wedding at Wyvill's Court, with six bridesmaids and a breakfast, and everything in the usual way. It has been so sudden. If Dolly had been engaged as long as Jack and Molly were, we should have got used to it; but two months—why, it's like nothing!"

"Ah, you've the Bishop to thank for that! It really was a splendid idea of the old man's to want to go abroad next month."

"Yes, and to especially desire to perform the ceremony himself," added Nell. "Well, Dorothy has a splendid day—plenty of sunshine, though it is rather frosty. Do you know, Graham, I don't feel half so miserable about this wedding as I did about Molly's."

"Because you're getting used to it," answered her cousin. "I am sure Dorothy cannot expect to be happier than Molly seems to be."

"No—Jack is a dear fellow. I do wish they could have come to the breakfast; but the *pater* is inexorable—you might as well try to move the Cathedral. That is the only point he will not yield to you. I don't believe he would forgive them for the Bishop himself."

At this point Constance came in saying—"Do come down, you girls! We want to have a jolly breakfast together for the last time. Dorothy has been down, oh, a long time! And Gore and Mr. Scott have come—though, if the governor approaches, they've promised to put their pride in their pockets and 'skedaddle.'"

"I thought brides made it a rule never to show before church-time!" said Graham.

"Oh, Dorothy's as brisk as a bee! And Gore has brought her such a lovely set of pearls and diamonds, tiara and everything! They came down from London only this morning."

"All right—we'll be down in two minutes," said Nell, continuing, as Constance disappeared. "I've given up wondering at the magnitude of Dorothy's presents. What on earth will the man bestow on her next?"

"Himself, I should think!" laughed Graham, as both ran down the stairs.

They were merrily hailed by the noisy, laughing party seated at the breakfast-table. Constance was at the head, and Dorothy, sitting next to Sir Gore, was arrayed in the exquisite jewels which had just arrived. A tiara glittered upon her fair hair, across which one gleam of frosty sunshine had fallen; a heavy necklace was fastened round her throat, and looked very charming as it lay on her dark, plainly-fitting serge dress; bracelets were clasped on her wrists, and earrings to match were in her ears.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Nell, "did you ever see any one so silly as Dorothy, in all those superb jewels with a serge dress?"

"I think she looks very jolly," said Sir Gore; "I shall often make her wear jewelry at breakfast when we're alone."

Whereupon the "best man" gave Nell a look which Graham intercepted, causing her to burst immediately into a fit of laughter, upon which the happy pair, whose hands were clasped together under cover of the table-cloth, started and looked confusedly guilty, which sent the rest of the party off again into renewed shrieks of mirth.

"Now, now, now!" cried Constance, drumming impatiently upon the table with her fork. "Come, do get some food, and don't sit giggling there like a lot of school-girls. Remember what you have to go through, and save your fun for the *dejeuner*. Don't forget that after much laughter comes much weeping; and I shall be ashamed if you all begin crying as soon as the Bishop commences."

"Do you think they will?" inquired Sir Gore rather blankly. "I don't see why any one need."

"Sure to," said Francis grimly; "perhaps the governor will set us the example."

This set them all off again, and in vain did Constance endeavor to make them attend to the business in hand.

"Mr. Scott, will you cut some ham? And, Gore, do make Dorothy eat something; she must, for she will be awfully done up with the dressing—it will take quite an hour and a half."

"Why cannot she go as she is? asked the bridegroom. "I'm sure she looks very nice."

"Pooh!" cried Nell. "What a senseless waste that would be, after your getting that splendid dress! We want, too, to show our dresses."

"Bless me," cried Sir Gore, "that just reminds me! I quite forgot these." As he spoke he produced a square box from a pocket of his ulster, in which, enveloped in cotton-wool, lay five gold lockets with his own initials and Dorothy's united and set in amethysts.

"Oh, oh!" was the cry. "Are they not lovely?"

The sixth had already been given to Miss Wilton, the Bishop's daughter, who was to make up the half-dozen of Dorothy's bridal attendants. Ere the excitement which the costly trinkets produced had subsided, Miss Wyvill came in, holding up her hands in dismay as she caught sight of Sir Gore sitting by Dorothy.

"I never heard of such a thing in all my life! Why, Sir Gore, where are your ideas of etiquette? You ought not to have had a glimpse of the bride until you met her at church."

"Bless me, I didn't know!" cried he ruefully. "You see, Miss Wyvill, I have not had any experience of these affairs before. But I should like to know how it is that you happen to understand all the niceties of the etiquette of getting married when you've never been through the ceremony yourself—eh?"

"Go away," laughed aunt Grace, threatening him with a fan which she had in her hand—"go away, you ungrateful man, and be thankful if you get your bride dressed in time! Now, girls, run away; you must be as quick as possible. It is half-past nine, and you have not a moment to spare."

"Where is mother?" asked Dorothy.

"In the sitting-room with the men who are laying the table, and as bright and cheerful as she used to be before she had such a swarm of children to worry her. There is a present just come from Jack and Molly—but you have not time to look at it now—and a charm for each bridesmaid, because they were done out of it on the last auspicious occassion."

"That's what I call doing the thing handsomely," said Francis. "No one expected Jack to give anything, after the shabby way in which he was treated."

"Ah, Jack was always my favorite!" declared aunt Grace fondly. "Now, girls, will you go and begin dressing?"

She was quite right. They had not a moment to spare—indeed the group of fair-haired bridesmaids, in their charming dresses of amethyst and gray silk, waited more than a quarter of an hour at the great Cathedral ere the bride made her appearance leaning—though, as Nell said, "it gave them a turn to behold it"—on her father's arm. Certainly a lovelier bride had never swept up the old nave before. Her dead white dress showed off her fragile beauty as no other toilet could have done. The severity of the rich white silk was softened by abundant trimmings of costly lace and white ostrich feathers, and the whole was shaded by a cloud of filmy white tulle, which fell from her jewel crowned golden hair and reached to the hem of her train. Her perfect, fresh loveliness was enhanced by the pale glistening pearls and regally magnificent diamonds which composed her ornaments.

The fair procession passed up the nave into the channel, and the service began. Contrary however to Francis Wyvill's prediction, there was no weeping. The bridegroom looked, as some of the bystanders said afterwards, "as bold as brass and as pleased as Punch;" and Dorothy, if she was rather inaudible and quivering, acquitted herself as well as would nine brides out of ten. When the close of the ceremony was reached, Sir Gore turned to his young wife and gave her a hearty kiss; whereupon Douglas Scott whispered very audibly to Nell that it was a great shame unless the others might follow suit.

"I dare say Dorothy will give you a kiss if you ask her," returned Nell, in a demure under-tone.

"Suppose you do it as proxy," said he.

"I——" But what Nell was going to say was checked by a request from a verger that they would go into the vestry to sign the books.

The final forms over, Sir Gore led his bride down the nave amidst the throng of gazers, all eager to see the pretty Miss Wyvill in her wedding finery. The instant they were outside the door a shower of rice began, and the happy pair were very glad, by taking shelter in the carriage, to escape their friends' forcible mode of expressing their good wishes. In an incredibly short time the whole party was seated at breakfast, and then the fun began to grow fast and furious. Dorothy was addressed by her title every two minutes, and Sir Gore apparently tried his best to pull off her wedding ring, which proceeding Lady Fairlie stoutly resisted. Of course Nell sat next to Douglas Scott; and to his intense delight Graham Falconer fell to the lot of Noel Hammersley, who was very doubtful of his chances of success with the Highland heiress.

"It's her confounded money that sticks in a fellow's throat," he remarked one day in a burst of confidence to Douglas Scott.

"Ah, I'm not troubled with any scruples of that kind! Why, hang it all, man, tell the girl you like her, and see what she says! I'd ask Nell quick enough if I were in your shoes. Don't I wish she had her cousin's coin! As it is, we sha'n't be able to make a clear thousand a year between us."

"You are not engaged to her, surely?" said Noel, rather taken back by this premature mode of speaking.

"No, not yet," laughed the other; "but Nell and I know our minds by this time."

"I wish I knew Graham's mind," sighed Hammersley dolefully.

His wooing had not thriven apace. Graham's fortune debarred him from pursuing her in the break-neck fashion which Sir Gore and Douglas Scott had adopted; and it was doubly delightful to him to have her to himself for a whole hour, when the buzz of many tongues made a sufficient cover for anything he might choose to say. Graham herself was hardly aware of her feelings towards the young soldier. She was not like her cousins—accustomed to hear love made a common topic of conversation. From earliest childhood they had attended juvenile balls and parties until the jargon of love making was as familiar to them as to their elders. Graham, on the contrary, had never been at a children's party in her life, and, since her introduction into society, she had been too great a personage to have any of the fun which girls usually enjoy. No one in her own country ever presumed to flirt with the heiress of the Falconers; she had therefore the very A B C of Love to learn. She did not know that she was in love with Noel. She never thought of herself as being "awfully spooney" on him, as any of her cousins in the same circumstances would have said openly—for the Wyvills never had any secrets. She never sought to explain the delicious feeling of rest which filled her heart when Noel was near her, nor to account for its almost painful throbbing when his tall soldierlike figure came into sight, nor the blank disappointment which saddened her on his duty days. On this, Dorothy's wedding-day, the gay company faded completely away from the Highland girl's sight, and she was conscious only of Noel Hammersley's soft winning voice murmuring into her ear and his keen blue eyes looking into hers. She had heard Noel called "ugly," but she herself could never perceive it.

"I suppose" she said one day rather plaintively to Nell, "that he is ugly, but—but——"

"I never said he was ugly," laughed Nell; "and, if I were you, I should say he was handsome."

Still, for all that it was not a handsome face. A dark moustache was the most noticeable feature, keen blue eyes and a real "Dragon line" dividing his forhead into equal parts of white and a fine healthy brick dust color, the latter being the prevailing hue of the rest of his countenance. Yet it was one of those rare faces which the nearer one approached the handsomer it grew; and Noel was a man whom every one liked.

At length the sound of voices suddenly ceased, for the Bishop rose to his feet, and, in a neat complimentary speech, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

"What's Scott doing?" inquired Francis of Graham, for Douglas was bending over the table, scribbling away as if for dear life on his stiff table-napkin.

"What's up?" said Noel to Nell.

"Got to return thanks for us, and is writing out his speech," answered she. "I only hope they'll give him time."

Sir Gore's answering speech was not lengthy, and considered chiefly of a repetition of "my wife" and "Lady Fairlie." "The Bridesmaids" was next given, and then Mr. Scott rose to his feet. He read away very fluently for several lines, and then came a word which bothered him.

"Spell it out," suggested the bridegroom.

"The fact is, ladies and gentleman," said the unabashed Dragoon, "I hadn't the most remote idea that I should be expected to make a speech; and, to tell you the truth, I have never made one in my life before. I'm sure I need not say anything on behalf of my 'fellow-servants'—their youth and beauty speak for them."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried half-a-dozen voices, and after a little more merry-making, the bride and bridesmaids fluttered away, and Sir Gore departed with Francis to make himself a little more like a traveling gentleman than he was just then.

At the last moment, with a smile for every one, Dorothy came running down the stairs, and, with a parting hug for her mother, got into the carriage and was whirled away.

CHAPTER VIII.

The departure of the happy pair was soon followed by that of the guests, some of whom were however to reassemble for a dance in the evening—not the Bishop or any of the Cathedral dignitaries, but the bridesmaids and their respective cavaliers, and a dozen or so of Dorothy's friends, and as many of the young men of Idleminster. The afternoon was already far advanced, and, after changing their gay dresses for their ordinary attire, the ladies gathered round the drawing-room fire for a cosy chat over their early cup of tea.

"I have never seen Dorothy look so well," began Nell.

"She would have looked well under any circumstances," said Mrs. Wyvill, with pardonable pride, "but in that dress she was irresistible. I saw your father was very much pleased with her.

"Of course," answered Nell, with a side look at Graham. "Oh, how dull it seems without Molly and Dorothy! We shall soon be quite a cosy small."

"It will be your turn next," put in aunt Grace, with a sly laugh. "How remarkably well your young man acquitted himself to-day!"

"Did he not? Poor dear boy, he was most awfully frightened! But soldiers are never at a loss."

"Did you see Molly?" asked Graham.

"No. Where was she?"

"In the stalls during the service, and on the steps as we came out."

"I never saw her. Was Jack there too?"

"Yes. They had each a bag of rice—they were determined not to be done out of that."

Molly was always rather superstitious," laughed Nell. "Do you remember, Conny, the night we all slept on Laura Mason's wedding-cake and Molly was so miserable because Dorothy ate hers?"

"Yes. She told her she would never have one of her own."

"And yet she has been turned off in most correct style."

They sat talking in the firelight until Mrs. Wyvill reminded them that they had only half an hour to dress in, whereupon they hurried away.

Before they were quite ready Sarah came and said that Mr. Scott and Mr. Hammersley had come and were in the drawing-room—"though," the damsel added, "master has only just rung for hot water, and the mistress has not been in her room ten minutes. Mr. Scott however said that it didn't matter, but that I was to tell you and Miss Falconer to be quick."

"I'll go," said Nell to Graham, "and you must be as quick as you can."

She rustled away, looking very handsome in her fresh white dress, and went into the room where the two men were awaiting her.

"Oh, Nell," exclaimed Douglas, coming forward and taking her hand, "we've got our 'route'!"

"Your 'route'?" she repeated. "What is that?"

"Our order to march. We're off to Edinburg on Friday."

For a moment Nell's mouth quivered pitifully; the next she was looking bravely in Douglas Scott's face.

"Well," she said, with a forced laugh, "I hope you'll behave yourselves when you get there."

Douglas's face fell.

"Oh, Nell," he said sadly, "is it possible that I have deceived myself and that you don't care?"

His tone of misery vanquished Nell.

"Care!" she cried passionately. "You little think how much!"

"Darling Nell, you'll keep true to me, and——"

"Oh, now, now," cried Nell, every trace of excitement vanishing, "that will do! You need not bind me down as if you were going to the great lone lands. If I cannot keep true without fifty promises, I am not worth having. But why are you moved at this time of the year? I thought troops were never moved in the middle of winter."

"You see, my darling, there is some Fenian outbreak in Ireland, and the Lancers, who have been quartered in Edinburg, are ordered across at once. It was just a chance that we did not go."

"And how did you escape?"

"Because we have so many Irish in the regiment. Now, Nell, you'll promise me, won't you?"

"Nonsense!"

"I shall ask your father to-morrow."

"Indeed you will do nothing of the sort," said she decisively; "it would be just as much as my life's worth. You cannot conceive what the misery of my existence would be if you do."

"But Dorothy has got married."

"Yes; because Gore was a ward of the Bishop's and the dear old man wished it, Gore might have waited for ever."

"I'll get the Bishop to say a word for me."

"Now, Douglas," said Nell, laying her hand on his arm, "can't you trust me until I tell you it is safe to broach the subject?"

Douglas Scott's answer was a long one, but the only outcome of it was that when the regiment marched out of Idleminster with colors flying and band playing Nell had given several very solemn promises not to flirt, to write three times a week, and various others of a love-like character.

Noel Hammersley, not having made so great a running, had to be content with much less. He asked Graham if she would be glad to see him when he came back to Idleminster, and Graham said "Yes." He comforted himself with the assurance that so much from Graham meant infinitely more than it would have meant from any other woman.

During the long summer months the household at Wyvill's Court went on in its usual odd routine, though almost all the family were away. Nell and Graham, who had grown very dear to each other, were all that were left of the merry party of girls. Molly and Jack had gone on a long Continental tour, and Sir Gore and Lady Fairlie, after enjoying the dissipations of the London season, had departed for a cruise in the Mediterranean; Conny had gone up to London with Miss Wyvill, and the twins were at school. Still the wrangling and quarrelling were nearly as bad as ever. Mrs. Wyvill was more crushed and her husband more intolerant. So, on the whole, Graham had anything but a peaceful time. The only consolation which the two girls had were the long letters from Edinburg, which arrived with unfailing regularity every second day.

CHAPTER IX.

It was August—three days before the feast of St. Grouse. The clean streets and buildings of Idleminster lay bathed in the fierce sun, like so many toys of cardboard. It was a day so hot that the pavement was like a sheet of white hot iron, and scorched the feet of such as were obliged to go abroad. From early morn the family at Wyvill's Court were astir, for Graham and Nell were going to pay a long visit to Dorothy at Linley Manor. She, with her husband, had been staying for a while at Wyvill's Court, and had coaxed her father to allow the two girls to go to Scotland. It was highly amusing to the household to see the change in Dorothy's manner to her father. She scouted the idea of ever having been afraid of him, and gave her opinion confidentially that he had been very much abused and maligned by the whole family.

The girl's journey was long and very tedious, for they did not reach Linley until late in the evening. Dorothy went to meet them at the little station, four miles from the Manor, and greeted them with the air of matronly dignity which young wives are so fond of adopting.

"Now then, darlings, let Jones look after your luggage, and come at once to the carriage."

"Dorothy," said Nell, eyeing the splendid equipage with its restless chestnut horses, "is that really yours?"

"Of course," answered her ladyship laughing.

"Don't you feel like an imposter—as if it might vanish and leave you in the dust?"

"I?"—with another gay laugh. "No. I don't know how I should live without it now. Wait till you see Gore's chaise. He shall take you out in it to-morrow. Have you the luggage safe, Jones?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then home as quickly as possible."

"You're leaving the luggage!" exclaimed Nell, in concern for her trunks.

"It will come in the tax cart," said Dorothy. "You surely did not suppose that we were going to have it in here?"

"Oh, I feel rather oppressed by the multitude of Lady Fairlie's possessions!" said Nell to Graham.

Dorothy laughed again.

"Ah, life's worth having nowadays! We are quite quiet now, though—only two visitors—but by Thursday every room in the house will be full. I am putting you two into the same room. I hope you won't be offended?"

"Of course we shall," answered Nell. "But, Doll, is it a very large house?"

"Rather. The rooms on the first floor are lettered, and those on the second floor are numbered. There are boards, too, put about the grounds with 'This way to the stables,' 'This way to the gun-room,' painted on them."

"And all this belongs to you?" gasped Nell.

"Yes, dear, and I have two maids and my own footman, who stands behind my chair wherever I go, and never waits on any one else. By-the-by, Gore is hoping you will let him shoot the Ordmore covers, Graham."

"Of course he may. I arranged all that with McGilp last month. I want you to make a picnic-trip to Ordmore whilst we are here."

"Nothing could be better. We can have it on the day they are shooting the home covers, and then your housekeeper can give us some luncheon. But here we are. Welcome to Linley!"

"Welcome to Linley!" repeated Sir Gore, coming down the steps to meet them. "Why, you look as if you had just come from the hills instead of that stuffy little hole Idleminster!"

"Treason!" cried her ladyship, on which Sir Gore disappeared laughing, and the new arrivals were hurried up-stairs to make a hasty toilet before dinner.

"What a place!" exclaimed Nell, when she and her cousin were alone. "Why did you never tell me what a splendid palace it was?"

"I never thought of it," was the answer. "You see Ordmore is so much larger."

"Larger!" ejaculated Nell, with widely-opened eyes.

"Yes."

"Whatever did you think of Wyvill's Court?"

"If you remember, I was almost choked just at first. I soon got used to it, though, and, oh, I have been so happy there!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Art Needlework for the Paris Exposition.

The internal decorations of the house of the English Royal Commissioners at the Exhibition in Paris are magnificent, it having been decided that English art needlework should form one of the great features in the wall and window decorations of the various apartments; and, with this view, designs were prepared by various artists for curtain borderings and wall hangings, with a dado. The execution of these in applique and silk, and crewel embroidery, was entrusted to the Royal School for Art-Needlework. President, Princess Christian, and to the Ladies' Work Society, President, Princess Louise. The pair of curtains embroidered by the ladies of the Royal School of Art-Needlework are of a rich satin, of a peculiar light slaty blue, which was manufactured especially for use on this occasion. The bordering is about twelve inches wide, and consists of a Renaissance design of successive vases and trailing acanthus leaves, embroidered in two shades of blue and gold silks on a cream-colored ground. A narrow border of dark blue silk edges the wider one on each side, and breaks the sudden change; on this is a wreath of leaves in gold thread, and beaded edge of black, sewn with red, finishes the whole. The effect of these curtains is light and elegant in the extreme. They hang on either side of the portrait of Her Majesty, executed at the Royal Tapestry Works, Windsor.

The applique needlework, *i. e.*, wall hangings and dado, was executed at the Ladies' Work Society. Great ingenuity and power of adaptation were shown in the choice of the materials of every description, ranging from the fine gauze and muslin to fur and leather. The dado is divided into two series of pictures—the elements, earth, fire, and water each delineated in a separate compartment—and four scenes representing wild sports, fishing, hunting, shooting, and catching fish with trained birds. The designer has selected a sort of Chino-Japanese style in which to represent his idea of sporting scenes. Indeed, the whole series is deeply imbued with the Japanese influences which are so rife in England at present.

The first of the elements in the series on the dado is Earth: the ground of the whole a yellow tapestry or silk fabric. In the bosom of the earth yields its vegetation in luxurious profusion. Indian corn, French poppies, roses, etc., are beautifully represented; and in the corner sits a rabbit, endowed with a real skin. Air has also flowers, but creeping and climbing ones, which visit the regions of the upper ether; two storks are represented as flying through over-arching wisteria, clematis, and eglantine. Fire is perhaps the most wonderful of all in its workmanship. A long dragon; the incarnate embodiment of fire, with glittering scales, crawls through flames to the earth; wreaths of passion-flowers overhang him, and in the distance is Fu-si-hama, the Japanese burning mountain, with a snow-capped top, most successfully depicted and delicately outlined.

Water is a swampy pool in a marsh, with a pair of storks, and a lovely dragon-fly in the air. The reeds and grasses and the iris are beautifully executed; but we cannot consider the duck a successful part of the design, though the work bestowed on it is admirable.

Fishing, the first of the scenes of sport, has five Chinese figures in a wonderful boat, the material of which is leather. The lady's dress is a marvel of applique work, and the landscape at the back beautifully outlined. Catching fish with decoy birds has four Chinese figures, the execution of the pigeons and ducks being very able.

Shooting, two figures with guns, is not so good in reference to the guns as the rest; but in this piece the leaves of the trees—formed of plush and reversed plush—are wonderfully managed to represent the play of light and shade.

Hunting the wild boar is depicted by one figure on horseback, accoutred in Japanese style, and attendants on foot. The wild boar and the Japanese dog are beautifully worked out; and across the figures at the back, gallops a friend of many vases and representations in china, the Japanese conventional lion.

The wall hangings are of olive-green plush. They have a border of "sand of the desert" velvet, on which is applique a Renaissance poppy in olive plush, outlined in red. The needlework forms the chief decorative feature in the morning room, occupied by the Prince of Wales.

* * *

A SET OF ELEGANT PORCELAIN.—One of the most magnificent sets of porcelain ever made has recently been ordered from London by an Australian millionaire. The dinner service consists of forty-nine pieces, combining the gros bleu of Sevres, with the rich gilding in Vienna style, to a most tasteful ornamentation. Plates and dishes of the dessert service for twenty-four people have perforated borders and broad brims in Turquoise blue, decorated with festoons of oak branches in rich gilding; and the centres are exquisitely painted with English landscape and village scenery, with seats of the nobility and historical places. For each of the thirty-six small coffee cups the floral decoration varies, and well-nigh every flower in English fields and gardens is represented. The magnificent candelabras, flower vases, and fruit dishes are supported with a charming effect by cleverly modelled figures in white porcelain. For the breakfast service, in a new shade of pale turquoise ground color, the Japanese style of ornamentation, with delicately designed flowers, reeds, and insects, in gold on a broad brim, has been chosen, leaving a small white centre uncovered. A small cabaret set, consisting of teapot, cream jug, sugar basin, and cup and saucer on a plateau, completes this magnificent series of porcelain services. The shapes of the specimens are taken from old Worcester models, and the ornamentation executed in the Sevres style, gros bleu ground, with exquisitely painted medallions.

* * *

The flowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well-known belle, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown, when it appeared the next morning, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats."

* * *

LITERARY SOCIETIES would do well to subscribe for the POST, for it contains a wealth of matter just suited to the needs and requirements of those who love reading for its own sake.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

INDELIBLE INK MARKS.—Most indelible ink marks may be removed by treatment with tincture of iodine or sodium hypochlorite, and, after washing with strong ammonia water, sodium hyposulphite, or solution of cyanide of potassium. The latter should be used with care, as it is very poisonous.

CRACKS IN MARBLE.—Use a mixture of powdered marble of suitable color and a little pulverized flint glass with a thin paste, made by dissolving four parts pale shellac and one part borax in hot water, and concentrating by heat. The ground tint of the marble must be imitated by the addition of suitable pigments if necessary. Emery and rouge are used to polish when sufficiently hardened.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.—It is stated that an unfailing source of relief from the agonies of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma will be found in the following specific: The juice of two lemons which have been warmed in the oven to dry the skins, four ounces of best honey, two spoonfuls of the very finest Florence oil. Mix carefully, put in an earthen jar, which keep covered, and swallow a spoonful when you feel the fit coming on.

FALSE HAIR.—Much of the false hair worn by the fair sex of Europe and America is derived from sources that would make the wearers stand aghast were they to learn the facts. From late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, we learn that a large export trade in hair, gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1873, during which year 18,800 pounds, worth $4,300, were shipped to Europe. In 1875 the exports of this refuse hair arose to 70,000 pounds, with a value of over $25,000.

FRUIT SYRUPS.—The pure fruit syrups of some of the soda water venders are made from factitious oils that chemists have learned how to produce. Singularly enough, too, the latter are usually derived from substances of disgusting odor. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid. The peculiarly fetid substance called fusel oil, serves as a base for several artificial flavors; thus, distilled with the sulphuric acid and acetate of potash it gives oil of pears; with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash the product is oil of apples. And so, too, by other means known to the chemist, refuse corks are made to yield essence of mulberries, tallow to put forth essence of melons, and the wood of the willow tree to part with the oil of wintergreen, indistinguishable from the genuine article.

PATENT CHEESE.—The following account explains fully enough what is the matter with the cheese: "For some time patent cheese has been finding its way into our markets. This fact is generally unknown to consumers, who have sometimes commended this cheese, under the impression that it was the old-fashioned product of the cheese press. Both patent butter and patent cheese have been made and sold in vast quantities in England, Holland, France and Germany, for many years, and large quantities of both are now made here, and sent abroad. The portions of the fat of the animal from which the globules are extracted are the caul, the kidney fat, and other softer portions of the fatty matter. These softer pieces of fat are obtained from the slaughter-house immediately after the killing of the animals. As soon as received they are washed and put into close, warmed cans. They then are taken to the manufactory and placed in vats warmed by tepid water. Next they are put into a cutter and minced until the mass assumes the appearance of fine paste. Kept up to the animal heat as nearly as possible, this paste is then laid on clean white cloths and placed on a press. In this process the water and softer particles first flow into a receiver, then follow the yellow globules, which rise to the surface and are skimmed off. To this skimmed milk is added, and we have 'patent cheese.'"

* * *

WHERE PERFUMES COME FROM.—Our readers may be interested to learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which are found in those pretty flagons on their dressing-table. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely: Montpellier, Grasse, Nimes, Nice, and Cannes; these two last especially are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms. Nice furnishes a harvest of 100,000 pounds of Orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer color, 550 pounds of orange blossoms yielding about two pounds of Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9,000 pounds of acacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pound of violets, and 8,000 pounds of tube roses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils, the smallest quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about 600 pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, demands a very careful treatment. The French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although the most careful, preparers of perfumes; half the world is furnished by this branch of their industry.

* * *

FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly handled, will box your ears instead of the grain.

* * *

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for while you give him to-day he steals to-morrow.

* * *

THE highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles on the face of misery.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

MISCELLANY.

◆

THE stimulus to literature and literary culture is steadily making American books and newspapers the finest in thought, matter, and style, in the world.

◆

"HIS RIGHT EYE," is the title of a story which will be commenced in the next number of the POST, and to which we invite especial attention. There is life, love and strong character in it.

◆

WHEN men read they taste the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly.

◆

THE necessity for good literature arises when men and women wish to turn their thoughts from themselves unto an ideal which they can contemplate with pleasure and which will lead them to hope and not to depression. Especially is this true in times like these, when there is such a slow lifting of the heavy cloud which has hung over our community, and when we are eager to change the current of our thoughts from the actualities around us to something better and higher, and that something better and higher is literature. To read the thoughts of the best writers—poets and novelists—is sufficient not only to refresh the weary mind and the sick heart, but to teach it, and that is the value of all art, whether it be painting, music, or literature.

◆

To touch upon the topic of fashion every week is a delicate and painstaking duty which the editor of FASHION CHAT performs with perfect conscientiousness and care in order to give the lady readers of the POST nothing but what is veritable truth concerning the prevailing modes. That these efforts of the editor are duly appreciated we have only to show the number of increasing subscriptions, the number of queries as to toilettes, and the number of orders which come in from all parts of the country, to the editor for patterns and designs. In FIRESIDE CHAT everything which can please the artistic and clever eyes of our wives and daughters, is touched upon so as to interest and please, and it is, without doubt, a most valuable feature of this paper, and an increasing success in every particular.

◆

AFTER this number the subscription price of the POST will be three dollars to all new subscribers. This sum entitles the subscriber, in addition to the paper for a year, to TWO MAGNIFICENT OLEOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS of the marvellous paintings of the celebrated artist, THOMAS MORAN, entitled, "THE WHITE MOUNTAINS," and "THE YELLOWSTONE," which will be sent mounted and ready for framing, all postage paid, to any address. Our old subscribers, however, may renew at the old price, but will not be entitled to the premiums unless on the payment of the difference between the old and the new rates. These oleograph paintings which are offered as premiums are companion pictures, and are masterpieces of color and effect, each forming an efficient contrast to the other. For color, breadth, harmony and chiaroscuro, they are unsurpassed. The respective splendors of the East and of the West are here delineated in unfading colors. The pictures are not mere cheap CHROMOS, it is to be understood, but fine OLEOGRAPHS, resembling the best of WATER COLOR and OIL PAINTINGS. They will be found, upon examination, to be in every respect deserving of the credit we give them. "THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" is a scene in a celebrated notch in those wonderful fastnesses of nature—a storm effect, marvellous in its grey and sombre tone. "THE YELLOWSTONE" is the very opposite of its companion in tone and effect. In the latter picture great breadths and warm masses strike the eye agreeably in contemplating the sunset effects in the land of the West, and here the sublime cliffs tower up upon the wide river bank in all the gorgeous splendor of color. Now is the time for everybody to secure these great ART WORKS.

LOVE.

When Robert Browning, the great English poet, says—

> "The loving worm beneath its clod
> Is nobler than the loveless God,"

He touches upon a metaphysical chord of the great harmony which binds men and women, as individuals and as nations together in a unison which is as complete as it is sacred. Then again, to quote Rowe:

> "Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss,
> Since every other joy, how dear soever,
> Gives way to that, and we leave all for love."

This is so significant that it needs no interpretation. Shelley, the poet whose soul was akin to spiritual natures, gives vent to the rhapsody:

> "I love thee, and I feel
> That in the fountain of my heart a seal
> Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
> For thee."

And Byron, he who touched with a celestial, a Promethean fire, the pulse of poesy, and re-echoed in his strains the music and the diapasons of life, of humanity, sings in the "Giaour":

> "Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven,
> A spark of that immortal fire
> With angels shared, by Allah given
> To lift from earth our low desire."

And in his "Dream" he repeats the musical fugue of Love; and in his "Parisina," "Beppo," "Lara," "Lament of Tasso," "Corsair," "Mazeppa," and in his lyrics, he surges out his life in the same harmonic measure.

Love is therefore a passion so pure and ennobling as to be praised by the highest of poets and the sweetest of human songsters, for there is, despite our cynicism, a wealth of the emotional element left, thank God! in man, and the grandest music of the soul itself is that which echoes heart music and lifts mere animalism into a species of deity. "God is Love," and therefore we should worship Love forevermore.

◆

SANCTUM CHAT.

A TRAMP lately "hooked" a ride on a freight train by literally suspending himself by his clothing from a hook on the side of the car. The way he happened to get into such a condition of suspension, was by stealing a ride, and then when discovered, attempting to leap from the train. The hook caught him and held on to him like a nemesis.

HERE is a curious combination of accidental circumstances: A lady was descending a flight of stairs in a house in Biddeford, Maine, when she fell and dislocated her shoulder. She landed on a large dog at the foot of the stairs, which rose in a fright and threw her into an adjoining room, where she was precipitated upon a hot stove, and would have been seriously burned had not a man, who happened to be there, suddenly pulled her away, and in doing which he brought her arm back into place again.

ONE of the most brilliant of Philadelphia's lawyers, now gone on his last circuit to the Recorder of Deeds and Supreme Court—a man of profound learning, wit, energy and cheek, was one day consulted by an excited client, who wanted redress. "A fellow's wife has been running a big bill up on me, and I cant get it; what shall I do?" "Sue him, then," said the lawyer. "Who is the woman?" "Your wife," responded the merchant. "Don't say so—hum! Well, well! Give us your bill. How much is it?" "Fifty dollars." "So, then, you owe me two hundred and fifty dollars!" How's that?" exclaimed the trader. "Why, three hundred dollars, my fee for advice, you know, less your fifty!"

THERE is an ingenious little Icelandic legend borrowed from the Scandanavian sages. It happened once upon a time that one Olaf, a poor shepherd, picked up by the roadside a glittering stone, a piece of cryolite, and thenceforward so long as he possessed this stone everything he wished came to pass—whether for good or for evil. He was not at first aware of the mysterious property of the mineral in his possession, but greatly he marvelled to find his wishes gratified at once. In a fit of anger he wished his brother dead, and instantly dead fell his brother; but this was easily cured by wishing him alive again, and alive he became. It seems this Olaf was a selfish, wicked fellow, and was constantly wishing the most absurd and immoral wishes, and having them all gratified.

He was always wishing riches. He wished the church would turn into a bank, which it did, to the great amazement of the good folks, who saw also their beloved pastor turn into a sordid banker. But as Olaf, somehow or another, despite his wishes, never succeeded in getting any money out, he was persuaded to wish it back into a church.

Then he fell in love, and wished he could win Walda, the flaxen-haired lassie, the fisherman's daughter, whose pa had lots of silver pieces saved up, and he did win her; but very soon after he began to wish that she, and her ma and pa, and uncles, and sisters, and aunts were all at the bottom of Hecla. And off they went, and he thought he was happy, but it seems his wife had gone off with all his savings, as well as her pa's, and he had to wish her back again; and she came, and she saw, and she conquered, and she drove him forth into the wild waste with a broomstick, and he wished her in Jericho, and she went, and never came back again. But he got in a scrape at last by wishing one day to get into the underground caverns of the gnomes, and pilfer some of their treasures and jewels. Lo, and behold—the ground opens at his feet, and he sinks into the very place he desires, fills his pockets with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and shining coin, and then wishes himself out again. But, alas! in his sudden descent, it seems he has lost the magic stone, and his wishes are of no avail; and then he is in a terrible dilemma, like Cassim in the cave of the Forty Thieves, and he is lost forevermore.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—V.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

"REVIEWERS REVIEWED"—"DIANA CAREW."

A writer in *Temple Bar*, reviewing "The Sorrows of Werther," by Goethe, alludes to Jean Paul Richter's remark that out of the sentimental brotherly love and spiritual communion which characterize the book had arisen "a universal love for all men and beasts, except reviewers."

We enjoyed this allusion to reviewers, for we had but just laid down the April number of *The London Saturday Review*, containing a notice of Mrs. Forrester's last novel, "Diana Carew," which had aroused our indignation by its injustice and its misrepresentations. The reviewer says: "To the uncritical part of Mrs. Forrester's readers, her ingenue may possibly appear all that is lovely and real, but to the critic she is a simulacrum rather than a living person." This was the first intimation that we had ever received that authors write for the approval of critics. We thought their books were intended for the great reading public, for those who have both time and inclination to read a work from its first page to its last, when there is sufficient in its pages to hold the attention. Certainly the author gains her end if her heroine is "all that is lovely and real" to such readers. What does she care for the opinion of those who have read a few sentences here and there, "disconnecting them for the purpose of stringing them together again in new meanings, to suit their ends?" There may be some weak-minded individuals who, after reading both novel and notice, will say in sober earnest what we said in jest when we laid down this review in *The Saturday*, "Well, we thought Diana Carew charming, fresh, piquant and natural, all the characters true to life, and the moral good, but we find we are mistaken. It is a very bad, disgusting book, and there is nothing but "mingled silliness and vulgarity in it." It has pleased this critic to characterize Diana's form of attachment as "ignoble." If so, then also was Jacob's love for Rachel ignoble, and much of the love that from that time to the present has "made heroes and saints" of men and women. "Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful and well favored, and Jacob loved Rachel, and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter."

Here is a full history of a love that has been handed down through the long generations of centuries as the model of devoted and enduring affection. The very day of Jacob's arrival he saw Rachel and loved her, and the compact was then and there made. *The Saturday* thinks such kind of love is "not so respectable as it is sad." Nevertheless, this kind has prevailed since the world was peopled, and, Providence permitting, will prevail until it ends, despite *The Saturday's* censure.

Was it Spurgeon who rather irreverently said that no movement could be established as a good movement until it had received the censure of *The Saturday Review* and the approval of God? Mrs. Forrester may be well satisfied with this critic's comment—that it is apparently the best form of love that she has been able to depict, since it is also the best that the Scriptures give us. Thus we prove that the merits of her work are established, as "this form of attachment" has received the censure of *The Saturday* and the approval of Divine inspiration. Of what are critics thinking when they write such trash as the following? "The history of a young woman who lets herself love with unmistakable passion a man whose only merit is his beauty, has an unpleasant flavor in it which not all Diana's fidelity nor Charlie's after devotion can do away with." They insult the common sense of their readers, as well as the author whom they thus criticize; for there are few readers who have not had sufficient experience of life to discover that love throws a halo round its object, creating ideal merit where none exists, and that the fidelity and devotion which the critic endorses in the same sentence, proves the merit that he would fain deny. As to the slips in grammar, we need not remind Mrs. Forrester that every one writes carelessly at times. She will be able to recall the fact that *The Saturday Review*, in bad English of its own, and worse style, has assaulted the books of Hugh Miller, the Kingsleys, Froude, Wadsworth, Longfellow, Dickens, Thackeray, and many other luminaries in the world of letters. Next, as to the characters, Mrs. Forrester's books would not possess the interest they do for her readers, were not her characters lifelike. She is not creating ideal men and ideal women to show us what men and women ought to be, but she shows us what they really are. The readers of her books do not need to have a critic to inform them which of her characters are "simply odious," and which are "monstrosities." They will be able to judge for themselves, since she never makes vice attractive. Bulwer was said to have administered poison in a golden chalice in some of his earlier works. Mrs. Forrester's poison is always labelled "poison," and its antidotes are dealt out with it. That mawkishness which critics cater to satisfy in such notices as this of "Diana Carew," is having its veil torn off in our times. When it is fully exposed, we may hope for fewer reviews of such a nature. Before the reforms in society that *The Saturday Review* has been calling so loudly for are effected, "the fast school," which the London *Times* asserts, is "vitiating the tone, undermining the character and corrupting the whole atmosphere," must be seen in all its hideous depravity, and not through the veil and the gloss which false ideas of delicacy would surround it with. Can any one fancy "the horsey Lady Gwynith" would lure on others to emulate her because her sad fate is held up as a warning? Just because of the hardening of her character through the revolting discipline of a marriage where there is no love on the woman's side, did the critic find not "one solitary trace of beautiful womanhood, or the possibility of past sweetness." Does not this truth, so ably depicted in Mrs. Forrester's book, sound the tocsin of alarm to the young reader who still holds her fate in her hands, and will she not be more apt to pause and take into consideration what she may become if she treads down in a loveless marriage the holiest instincts of a woman's heart?

"We have no kind of sympathy with the woes of young women who 'sell themselves to hateful husbands,'" says this critic. But there are hearts that feel for the woes of others; and in the long list of evils that flesh is heir to, there is not one that should receive more compassion than the terrible fate of the young girl who, knowing nothing of the sacred mysteries of her being, sells herself or is sold by her parents to a "hateful husband." Nor need the man be hateful to her before he is her husband; he may be only an object of indifference to her then; but, unless the good old-fashioned love that Jacob felt for Rachel fills her heart, he will become so afterward.

At Alford Court this critic finds fault because its baronet is a bully to his wife, a demon to his servants, and an autocrat to his sons. Taking to pieces the series of paragraphs devoted to Sir Hector, we arrive at two conclusions: First, that the critic has no knowledge of the gentry of England; and second, that he would have his readers think that Mrs. Forrester drew her character of Sir Hector for the purpose of showing what stuff all English baronets are made of. With no pretensions to being in high society in England, or to being a critic, we respectfully submit to his consideration the fact that we know just such men as Sir Hector, and also that we are ignorant of any reason why, if it had pleased the Lord to make one of them a baronet, he should not have been one. A story told of King James's nurse is to the point. When asked by her to make her son a gentleman, King James replied, "I will make him a baronet if you will, but no power on earth can make him a gentleman."

The critic has not the excuse that a narrow-minded reader would have in fancying that Mrs. Forrester's type of one species of the English baronet was intended to represent the entire class. He knows better; and when he (or she) professes to be shocked at the want of respect which Sir Herbert inspires in his children, we are led to ask whether that moral sense which he would have us think so acute is not as much "put on" as is his affected ignorance in matters which the average reader fully understands. Once in their treadmill round, such critics forget that the literary world is no longer critic-ridden, as well as that people in these days read and judge for themselves.

In still another point this critic displays his ignorance; namely, when he seeks to cast a slur upon Mrs. Forrester for her "want of perception" in causing Mrs. Warrington to assemble under her roof such an incongruous party. Those who have ever mixed in such gatherings will smile at the critic's want of knowledge of the ways of the world of society, as shown in his crude idea that all hosts and hostesses are in the habit of selecting their guests with a view to their capacities for assimilation, or for their fitness or adaptability to each other. This would indeed be a hard task, taken in connection with other requirements, which, although of not so much importance, are generally held as much more indispensable by those who entertain. In the millenium may we not hope to have this critic's Utopian ideas realized at city dinners also, as well as at our country seats? But we pass over this new idea, and take up the critic's remark that had this been Mrs. Forrester's experience of "the gentry of England," it would have been more patriotic had she kept it to herself. What patriotic impulse, then, inspired a writer in *The Saturday Review* to comment as severely as he did upon a divorce case that came up in London before Sir J. Hannen, and to draw from the evidence then given such a conclusion as this:

> "It is evident that things must have reached a pretty pass when a judge sitting on the bench could feel himself justified in drawing such a picture of fashionable life; and it can hardly fail to open the eyes of those who have either shut their eyes or winked at the continual loosening of social restraints. It might be difficult or impossible to secure conclusive evidence of a particular offense, such as would be necessary for judicial purposes, but society has a right to judge from appearances, and to place under a ban those who try to break down the barriers of propriety."

This, we fancy, is what such writers as Mrs. Forrester are aiming at, viz: to draw attention to this "authorized universal custom of flirtation before marriage and Platonic friendship after," which a writer in the New York *Tribune* declares to be "the secret of indifference of wives and husbands, of their neglect of their children, of the reckless excitement in which they try to forget their bondage, and the divorce and adultery suits by which they end it."

Until society places under a ban those who try to break down the barriers of propriety, the woman novelist has a duty to perform which requires both skill and moral courage; skill to hide the hand of the reformer, as well as to avoid all coarseness while treating the coarse characters with whom she has to deal; and moral courage to face the sneers, ridicule, prejudices and misrepresentations that she will encounter. Those who rebuke wickedness, whether in the high places of the earth or in its low places, must endure the test of sincerity that the clamor of the accused brings upon them.

It is the fast school that Mrs. Forrester deals with in "Diana Carew," and no reader gifted with the ordinary amount of common sense, but will see that it is but one phase of England's many-sided society that she depicts therein. There may be found some few individuals who will support this critic's view, and assert that she most unpatriotically sends out her book to show what material all English society is made of, but they will be found among the ignorant, or the prejudiced, or the narrow-minded, who have had but little experience as to an author's *modus operandi*.

But to return to the reviewer of "Diana Carew," who in making some quotations from the book, has taken great pains to hunt out such as would give the poorest impression of the work, stripped as they are of their setting. Then comes a misrepresentation of events, as any reader of the criticism who has read the book will see. Why is it that critics find it so hard to keep to the truth? Writing under the shelter of an anonym seems to render the average critic as one dead to all sense of honor, forgetting all the moral responsibility which the reviewer holds to the reviewed.

This critic informs us that "Mrs. Forrester likes capitals," because she personifies fate, spelling it with a large "F" instead of a small one. Of much more consequence does it seem to us that her book fell into the hands of a reviewer with such *small* ideas as crowd his review from its commencement, preparing us to find at its close that he had fancied his readers gifted with such *small* powers of discernment as to credit his protestation that the task of reviewing and censuring the book had been a disagreeable one, when every line bore evidence of the enjoyment he had taken in his self-imposed task. "Would that mine enemy would write a book," said Job, which proves conclusively that there were dishonest reviewers then as now. He did not say, Would that mine enemy would write a silly book, an immoral book, or a vulgar one; for he well knew that, no matter what wisdom, what morality, or what delicacy it might reveal, there would be found reviewers who would invent charges of silliness, immorality and vulgarity. Without doubt Job himself contemplated the satisfaction that he would experience in reviewing the book of his enemy; and, if we are not very much mistaken, Mrs. Forrester's Job was lying in wait for her before her book was issued from the press. So well are these anonymous attacks upon authors understood in these days, that there are but few who are hoodwinked by them. Such critics sell the book to buyers who prefer to read and judge for themselves; and here lies the explanation of the well known fact that the abuse of *The Saturday Review* always increases the sales of a book. Journals, like individuals, have their characters and are judged by them. When we read *The Contemporary Review* we find no masked batteries; we know the worth of its writers, and are influenced accordingly. When we read *The Saturday*, we remember James Grant's history of it and we ask, "What unsuccessful author has dipped his pen in the venom of his own heart to attack this successful one, we wonder?"

Already the compiler has made apparent how much more dangerous to the reputation of an author, or of a book, is the species of literary criticism which she is now handling than is that which she took up in her previous papers. It has been seen how an ignorant review in a leading journal may be, and is, taken as the groundwork of scores of reviews.

It is the compiler's intention to pursue the subject, and to show how, by one vicious review, a book written in the cause of social reform may be the means of putting the book under a ban and fatally interfering for a time with the accomplishment of its end. When the writer of "On Dangerous Ground" gave her romance to the public, four years after it was written, she did so feeling that the time was ripe for a work treating such subjects as she had dealt with in its pages, and expecting the support of all worthy persons whose attention had been called to these topics by revelations of existing evils which had flooded our newspapers from one end to another, not in fashionable society alone, but in literary circles as well, and in the societies of church members. So thoroughly had the ground been plowed that the hour for sowing the good seed seemed to her to have arrived. The evils lay turned up to view—exposed to all, in shameful experiences, shaking religious communities to their centres, and alarming all communities.

The cause of the prevalence of these evils lay disclosed in the dangerous ground she had worked where the seed lay hidden away, for it was not her purpose to disclose her object, wishing rather to leave that for her readers to infer. But it suited the purposes of some of the reviewers of "On Dangerous Ground" to misrepresent its character, thus trampling in the mire of their own malice, of ignorance and impurity, the good seed which she had sown.

Some critic once said that he could always write a more impartial review of a book when he had not read it; but when an author finds a work in which she has put forth all her powers to serve a good end, stigmatized as having an evil influence, she cannot help wishing that if the reviewer has not time to read her book, he would not take the time to review it. It is not the one unjust review which she has so much cause to fear, as it is the wide-spread influence of that review.

Too long have authors borne patiently with this and other forms of gross injustice done to them by reviewers.

When "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" was so unworthily criticised by a former editor of *The Literary World*, and she was defended from the seemingly malicious statements, the editor, instead of embracing the opportunity to correct misstatements, came out in a fresh attack upon her under the heading of "*Noli me tangere*,"—an appropriate motto for electrical eels, vipers, and an animal whose name is never mentioned in refined society, excepting when Fashion decrees that its fur should be brought into use. These human eels and vipers and —— cats, when they take upon themselves the use of the critic's pen, are the ones whom authors have to dread.

A gentleman is always a gentleman. If in too hasty a reading of a book he makes an error, he hastens to atone for it. If he has adopted the opinion of another reviewer in whom he had confidence, he listens to the statement of the author whom he has unintentionally wronged, and rectifies the error he has been led into.

The author has his rights, the reviewer has his; and where both are honest, neither conflicts with the other.

Under the heading of "The Rights of the Critic," the editor of *The Literary World* said (alluding to "On Dangerous Ground"): "Finding a book sent to us for review to be grossly demoralizing, we frankly expressed an opinion to that effect, and warned our readers against it, etc., etc."

Is it "the right of a critic" who reviews a book to coin "an absolute falsehood" concerning one of its characters, and upon this base fabrication to charge the author and the book with immorality? When an author so treated remonstrates in a kind spirit with the critic, giving him evidence of the gross injustice he has committed, strengthening the testimony with the opinions of others as to his course, is it one of the rights of the critic to publicly denounce such a letter as "vituperative," and to misrepresent its whole tenor?

Must a critic inevitably become a liar? asked an indignant author. Most emphatically, no! We can testify in behalf of the many conscientious critics whom we have known, that it is not a necessity. Our own idea is that a boy who falsifies facts will continue to do so should he live to grow up and become a critic, and that a critic who, as a boy, has been truthful, will be truthful still.

Here lies the point, and were there no other reason why a reviewer should sign his name to his reviews, this one is sufficient.

Now, let us see whether the editor of *The Literary World* at that time, (for the paper has changed owners and editors since then,) was a truthful critic.

The Home Journal, writing of the romance "On Dangerous Ground," said: "The general verdict of criticism regarding this novel has been remarkably in agreement as to its high moral tone. Our own view of the work is so clear that we are surprised any impartial critic should think the contrary. A Boston paper falls into a palpable error regarding the author's standard. *The Literary World* says, 'The value of this author's estimate of a wife's duty may be inferred from the fact that Mildred Tracey, though a wife, listened unrebukingly to the vows of an old lover, and his proposal of an elopement.' How far this is from the truth the reader may judge for himself from the following passage, page 119—

> "* * * These were strange revelations for one whose life had been so void of passionate love as Agatha's had been.
>
> Mildred continued: "What a heaven have I shut myself out from!" he said, his face so near to mine that I felt his breath on my cheek. "Why did you lead me to think that you loved another, when now I know so well that you have never loved any man but me? How have I watched every look that you gave your husband; how have I listened to every inflection of your voice in speaking to him. A sister might give the same. Had it been otherwise, I believe, in my insane jealousy I should have stabbed you both. But I remembered how different were the glances and the tones that had made my pulses thrill, and my veins run with fire! Mildred! did God ever mean to make two of His creatures drag out such lives of misery as ours would be if spent apart from each other? Must the laws of men separate us forever? or will you give up the world for me, who would give up Heaven for you, and go with me to some foreign land where we can be to one another all that our hearts claim? If we stay here, we shall daily have to face tortures that will make us pray for death."
>
> I heard him to the end, and with one of those sudden revulsions of feeling which sometimes we read of, but which seem unnatural and improbable, I felt all my composure returning, while my heart seemed frozen within me by his base proposal. I shook myself from his hold and answered: "As I prayed for death, when I heard you offer yourself to Agnes, Carroll Tracey showed me the compassion which your less generous nature withheld; for, fancying he had occasioned my misery, he offered me his hand, and I accepted it; but not to wrong him, as you would now tempt me to do. I have loved you as passionately as ever a man was loved; but your unworthiness, as it stands revealed to me now, has accomplished what nothing else could ever have done. I love you no longer. I pity the cold, calculating nature which kept you from declaring yourself to me when the happiness of both our lives hung upon that declaration; and I pity still more the poor wife you would have sacrificed had I been as ready to forget my duties as you have been to forget yours."
>
> This is as near as it is possible to repeat what passed between us, after so long a time, though I have lived over it so often in memory that the scene is to me almost as if it were a thing of the present. I walked from the piano straight out of the room to my chamber. Carroll was there. The two had come in together and Harold had seen him go up before coming in to insult me with his diabolical proposition. For the first time in my life I went to my husband and embraced him, feeling as though I was more worthy of his noble nature than I had ever been before, and that, with God's help, I would be still more so. He held me very tenderly to his heart, and kissed me on my lips again and again. It was the last time he ever kissed me. Since that night we have lived apart, and only in name have we been husband and wife, for there was a dreadful *denouement*."

Still, with all this and other evidence brought to bear, the editor of *The Literary World* refused to repair the wrong done to the author, and shortly after made the following announcement in his paper—

> "We are gratified to learn that Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore's noxious novel, 'On Dangerous Ground,' has been expelled from the Boston Public Library, and our crushing judgment of it has thus been vindicated. We trust that other libraries may appreciate and follow this noble example."

Next, the author* thus stigmatized endeavored to get some friend to do justice to the morality of her book, in an honest review of it, and she also wrote to various editors in New England, whose papers advanced her own religious views, saying explicitly that she did not seek for favorable notices, but for impartial ones, and for justice to her own moral character as a wife and mother. All preferred to keep silence. About this time one of her friends at a watering place asked a lady to lend her the copy that she had of the book. The answer was, "No, I will not lend such a nasty book to any one. The papers say it is grossly immoral."

Just as the author was in despair as to the verdict of the religious press with regard to the morality of her work, and of individuals (whose "nastiness" was in their own minds,) she learned that *The Hartford Churchman*, *The New York Evangelist*, *The Christian Union*, and other orthodox newspapers, had come out with clear expositions of its moral worth, and that the statement of *The Literary World* in reference to the romance having been taken from the Boston Public Library was another fabrication.

On the first of January, 1877, about one year after the criticism of the book in *The Literary World*, *The Inquirer* published the following notice:

NAILING A LITERARY FALSEHOOD.

> The November number of a monthly journal in Boston, edited and controlled by S. R. Crocker, stated positively that the novel, 'On Dangerous Ground,' had been expelled from the Boston Public Library, and added that by this course the library authorities had vindicated Mr. Crocker's censure of the book. This statement is authoritatively denied, for the volume is still on the shelves of the library, and in constant service. It may be stated here, once for all, that Mr. Crocker's treatment of this story has been malicious and vindictive from the outset. His paper has been freely used to bring it into disrepute, if not crush it altogether, but the book has triumphed over the hostile criticism which that paper has given it, and is sure of a successful future; in fact, a fourth edition of 'On Dangerous Ground' will soon be issued."

The Telegraph gave the authority for this statement as follows:

> "The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says: The statement made some time ago that the novel 'On Dangerous Ground' has been excluded from the Boston Public Library is not correct. The book has never been absent from the shelves since it was written, except upon the call of interested readers, of whom there have been many. It was written in the interest of the purest morality by a lady who holds that the best moral training is that which teaches self control, ability to resist evil and cleave to the good, to fight and overcome temptation. The consciousness of writing from such a motive in a way to excite the interest of intelligent readers is worth something."

But the mischief had already been done. Wherever *The Literary World* had gone, it had taken with it the assertion that its author had written a work that was immoral in its tendencies and unfit to put in the hands of those for whom it had been written—namely, the wives and daughters of our time. Not for women of "society" alone, but for women of all classes. The book was not written for men. No man believes in platonic friendship, though it may suit his purposes to profess to believe in it for a time. Only pure, good women cling to their faith in it, until its mask falls off, and for such, "On Dangerous Ground" was written.

Had the author chosen, she might have made her types of characters exist in a literary society, or in a religious circle, or among the lower classes; for human nature is the same in all; and she struck this truth in her selection of a quotation from Walter Scott for her title page—"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

The New York Evening Post, our highest authority as to literary criticism, understood perfectly the author's object. The review runs thus:—

> "'On Dangerous Ground' is a romance of American society, and one that is likely to attract a good deal of attention. It is a novel with a distinct purpose that especially deserves comment. The story is meant for women, and its author addresses her readers upon the twin subjects of flirtation before marriage and platonic friendships after marriage. Upon these subjects she has vigorous, well-settled and wholesome opinions, which are founded upon thorough and exact knowledge and careful, intelligent observation. The subjects are delicate ones in their leadings, and Mrs. Moore has handled them with the utmost delicacy, but at the same time with a firm, confident touch which gives more than ordinary strength to her work. The purpose of the author is a very earnest one.

The New York Evening Mail divined that the author was not seeking to portray life as it is in fashionable society alone, as was asserted by so many. She chose to place her types there because the example of the higher classes affects the lives of those in circles below them. Influence goes down in social life as in family life. Society reforms must commence among the most cultivated to be sweeping reforms.

Writing of the third edition of this romance, a reviewer in *The Mail* said:—

> "The appearance of a third edition of this novel shows that it has vitality and is a well deserved tribute to one of the most vigorously-written works of fiction in American literature. The characters are types of persons nearly all of whom may be found in various circles of American society, fashionable and unfashionable. The exquisite purity and refinement of Agatha have a singular fascination for the reader."

The Hartford Evening Post critic wrote of the same edition:—

> "A novel that reaches its third edition in twice as many weeks, cannot be pronounced a failure, no matter from what point of view it is looked at. Intellectually and morally, as well as on the ground of literary qualities, it must be above the average of works of fiction, and must also, within certain limits at least, embody in itself a demand for social reform. * * * One hardly knows what to think of such criticisms as that of *The Literary World* on Mrs. Moore's book. It is vicious, and a disgrace to the journal in which it appears. Another class of critics have wilfully misinterpreted the character of Agatha; yet it is pure and spotless throughout. Only men of the lowest instincts could think ill of her. She is the embodiment of womanly purity and virtue. * * * Mrs. Moore's aim throughout the book has been a moral one. No woman, in fact, ever wrote with more earnestness than she has done."

The editor of the *Springfield Republican* ended his review of the book as follows:—

> "As a literary work its merits are considerable, and the coarse charges and ungentlemanly insinuations of *The Literary World's* criticisms upon its moral purpose are unfounded and unjustifiable."

The literary editor of *The New York Evening Post* wrote:—

> "It has seemed to me that the adverse criticism to which 'On Dangerous Ground' has been subjected, has been largely the result of a rather stupid misconception; or, still worse, of a false notion of what constitutes morality. Perhaps it has been simply the result of imperfect knowledge upon the part of reviewers who have not read what they wrote about."

Enough has been said to show the unreliability of *The Literary World* reviewer as to the moral effect of the influence of the book, as well as to convict him of deliberately and intentionally misstating an occurrence in the romance, upon which misstatement he places the author's estimate of a wife's duty as a shamefully low and degrading one. More than this, he throws out hints as to her experiences, asserting that they "must have been wide and singularly spicy." What marvellous experiences the author of "The Arabian Nights" must have had, reasoning in the same insane way, and Wilkie Collins, too, if his "Moonstone" is to be received as a veritable narration of his own personal experiences.

Next week the compiler proposes to show the contradictory character of criticism, as evidencing the different impressions made by the same work on different minds, taking the criticisms upon "On Dangerous Ground" to select from for examples.

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*Until the charge of immorality was brought against her book, the author of "On Dangerous Ground" had neither written to an editor, nor to any reviewer, concerning her work. She had left it in the hands of its publisher to launch, wishing it to sink or swim, as it was sure to do, without putting forth any effort of her own. The charges of immorality made it necessary to advertise its moral worth, and this the author did most thoroughly, though not until the fourth edition had been called for.

FORCE.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

I stood in the doorway, looking curiously in;
The climate of Norway complemented within;
Dante's Vision and Virgil's Descent were called up by the heat and the din!

Is there no way of holding this luxury vast,
Until Winter comes folding cold arms 'round us fast?
'Tis sinful to squander life's elixir so: wasting hot on hot blast!

As I dwelt on this notion, deploring the waste,
The cover took motion, and I drew back in haste
At the heat and the light so intense; 'twas the fierce fiery furnace foretasted!

From its mouth issued, glowing, a mass shapeless, milk white,
A bent river flowing therefrom. What a sight!
Pluto with tongs taking sugar in the kingdom of night!

Then this minute sun drifts into the clutch
Of steam-hammer that, ready, stands waiting to touch
With its cold face that hot face, and whisper it felt many such.

Then it falls, cold, collected; and the torture begins;
Such strokes are inflicted as would wipe out great sins;
It seeks to escape, writhing this way, then that way; but way none it wins.

Had Ovid's muse spoken, transforming to dough
Rigidity's token, now kneaded as though
'Twere a piece of mere putty between a child's fingers—'twas pressed even so!

An affinity strange is fast forging a yoke;
For synchronic changes swiftly follow each stroke;
Thought and matter change form! Is this pigmy-like Vulcan more wise than us folk?

His puny hand guiding this enormous brute force,
Now like a snake gliding; now mad as race-horse;
Jove's thunderbolts, arrows for Cupid—such coarse work and fine from one source!

Oh, wisdom eternal! Oh, fortunate fact!
This power so infernal till lately man lacked;
Now emotion by intellect led leaves man's image intact!

CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER X—[CONTINUED.]

And very gently and carefully Gordon tells her the whole story, only suppressing all that which bears any reference to himself, and impressing clearly upon her that his death was an accident which no one could have prevented, and which would have happened under any other circumstances; and at last she is convinced. When he leaves, she smiles a little, and begs him to come again soon, and he promises to do so.

"Very soon," she says.

"Yes, very soon;" and so he takes her hand in his for a moment, and then goes.

Miss Priscilla is awaiting him eagerly below, and rushes out of her room when she hears his footsteps.

"Well?" she says curiously.

"It is well," he answers. "I think she will be better now."

"Captain Hay, you have been very good," she says gratefully.

"Indeed I have done nothing," he says, smiling. "I have only spoken to her of Bertie, and it seems to comfort her."

"Dear me!" cries Miss Priscilla. "And I have always avoided that subject so studiously."

"That is not wise; it made her think of him more. You should talk of him naturally, and gradually she will get accustomed to the thought of his death, and in time resigned."

"But she did not love him when he was alive," demurs Miss Grand.

"That is just it—and now she is regretting her want of affection, and blaming herself for it."

"Oh!" gasps the lady in some wonder; and then Captain Hay leaves her to think over this new aspect of affairs.

A few days afterwards he comes again, and this time Clare seems very pleased to see him. She is sitting up, and has a book before her, which she has evidently not been reading, for the leaves are as yet uncut, and her hands are folded idly in her lap.

"If she would only work or read, she would be better," thinks Gordon Hay; and then a bright idea strikes him, and as he draws off his second glove he manages to tear the button off.

"There—is not that annoying," he says, holding it out.

"It will mend," she says in a listless way.

"Yes, but there is no one to do it until I get back to the barracks, unless you would be so good."

"I will do it if you like," she says hesitatingly.

"You are very good!" he exclaims, delighted at the success of his ruse; and then he runs down and procures needles and cotton of all sizes from Miss Grand's work basket.

Clare looks up smiling as he comes back with his spoil.

"I shan't want all these things," she says.

"No, I suppose not; but I was fully determined that you should have a good choice."

"It is only a stitch—there, it is finished already," she says, returning the glove to him with the button restored to its original place.

He takes it eagerly, looking down at it with reverential admiration, as being her work. After this, by his advice, Miss Priscilla leaves some work on Clare's table, and sometimes it is taken up for a minute or two, and a few stitches are put in. Another time he commences to read aloud to her, and manages to leave off in the most interesting part; and, to his intense delight, when he offers to read some more on his next visit, she thanks him, but has already finished it.

"Captain Hay," she says one day, when they are alone, "will you tell me about Bertie's grave—how it looks, and the exact spot where it is?"

And he describes it all to her.

"Won't you come and see it with me?" he asks.

"I should like it," she answers, her face flushing a little; "but when may I go?"

"As soon as you are stronger. You could not walk so far yet."

She does not dream of disputing his word. Somehow no one does now at Ainslee Court, and he is looked upon as an oracle by every one, even Miss Grand and Mr. Colquhoun joining together to praise him.

But this gives an incentive to Clare's convalescence, and she does her best to get well quickly; and a fortnight later, when he comes, she meets him at the door with her hat and jacket on. In her hand she has a basket of the most beautiful flowers that the gardens and greenhouses can afford, and Captain Hay immediately relieves her of its weight.

"Is it quite prudent, Clare?" he questions anxiously.

"Indeed yes—I am feeling almost well," she returns eagerly.

Then, having obtained Miss Priscilla's sanction, they walk on together down the long shady avenue, and soon are out upon the high-road. They are very silent, neither of them feeling much inclined for conversation, but Clare gives a little shudder as she passes through the cemetery gates. It is so painful to think that Bertie is lying there among the quiet dead, he who a few weeks before had been so merry and so full of his new happiness. She stretches out her hand as though for support, and Captain Hay, on whom not even her slightest action is lost, draws it through his arm, and leaves his own hand resting on hers in mute sympathy. Then they stand beside Bertie's grave, and Clare hangs a wreath of white camelias round the little cross, and strews stephanotis, syringa, and pale-tinted roses at the foot of it in beautiful confusion.

"He was so fond of flowers," she says, looking up wistfully at her companion's face.

"I know," he answers gently.

"And I gave him so few when he was alive!" she adds, with the tears in her eyes.

There comes before her then the memory of that afternoon when Bertie and she had sat under the trees on the lawn, and he had spoken so strangely to her—it was the very day on which she had given him the geranium which a few weeks later had been buried with him.

The sun is shining as brightly now as it had shone then, and the flowers are as fair and as sweetly scented; yet the difference between that time and this strikes her very keenly.

Gordon does not answer her last remark—he only presses the little hand that lies so trustingly on his arm, for he knows that she must not be over-excited by too much talking or any violent ebullition of grief.

"Let us go now," he says; and obediently she turns towards home.

Another month passes, and all goes well. Clare is quite restored to health, and is recovering her spirits rapidly, for after all one cannot grieve forever, and sorrow rests so much more lightly on young shoulders than on old.

Miss Priscilla's grief, though less violent at first, lasts far longer, and, if she seldom mentions the nephew she has loved so dearly, it is not because she does not think of him. No one can ever take his place in her heart—not even Clare—whom she has loved much better since her illness has made her more dependent on her.

Mr. Colquhoun, as usual, takes matters very quietly; his daughter's illness has disturbed him far more than his nephew's death, and now that she is better he considers that everything is all right. He knows that Bertie's last wish has been that Captain Hay should marry Clare, but he does not think himself justified in interfering in any way. If they wish it, it will come to pass without his moving in the matter. Priscilla knows best, and will arrange it all, he has no doubt.

Captain Cain has left his regiment in sad disgrace, having spoken disrespectfully to his commanding officer; and this, joined to many other offences which had oozed out and somehow got noised abroad, makes his position a very unpleasant one. To the great delight of all who have known him and suffer from his slanderous tongue, he is soon after officially informed that, unless he sends in his papers, and sells out at once, strong and effective measures will be used to compel him to leave the service. He accepts this hint in the spirit in which it is given, and Salford Barracks know him no more.

Colonel Melladew has exchanged into a regiment that is going out to India, in the hope that in fresh scenes he may forget the sweet face of Clare Colquhoun, for he knows that whatever happens, he will have no chance of winning her; besides, to every one it is clear that Captain Hay's attentions mean more than the mere courtesy he shows to the nearest relatives of a dead friend; and few would care to have Beauty, of the —th Hussars as their rival.

Gordon himself says little—he is never the one openly to discuss his feelings; and now his heart seems too full for speech. He only knows that for him there is no other woman in the world but Clare.

Far sweeter, and far more lovable in her trouble, she has now more completely won his affection than she could ever have done in her brighter days; and in comforting her he has nourished a grief for himself for which she can only console him. But he is very patient, and by neither word nor deed does he attempt to plead his cause—he is content to wait until she will come to him of her own will, candidingly.

CHAPTER XI., AND LAST.

The sun is setting gloriously, and throwing wonderful golden gleams on the windows of Ainslee Court, and the shadows are widening rapidly on the smooth green lawn, where the trees hang over and sweep the ground caressingly with their waving branches. The whole world seems wrapt in a silence so beautiful that it would be almost sacrilege to break it—only the bees are humming drowsily as they hover over the bright flower-beds, and the birds are singing low sweet snatches of melody in the depth of the old copper-beeches.

Under the shadow of a weeping-willow that almost covers her with its luxuriance of leaves lies Clare Colquhoun with a book in her hand; but it is not read, for her eyes are closed, and, overcome by the heat and soothing stillness, she has fallen fast asleep. On the terrace above sits Miss Priscilla, knitting diligently, but ever and anon looking towards the end of the drive, as if expecting some one to emerge from the shady darkness. It is nearly a year since Bertie died, but Miss Grand is still in heavy crape, unrelieved save by a small piece of lace at the neck and wrists. She will never now wear anything but black—she herself says that she is too old to go flaunting about in colors; but those who know her best guess that it is a tender feeling which causes her unwillingness to doff her robes of mourning. To the lonely old maid life will never seem the same again, now that the boy whom she had loved like a son is dead; and, though outwardly she is unaltered, yet she herself is conscious of the change which she has undergone. She scolds as much as ever, and is as determined in her ways, but the things that used to interest her interest her now no longer, and Mr. Colquhoun especially feels the difference. The last years of his life are spent in a comparative peacefulness that he scarcely appreciates, having grown so accustomed to be under the rule of his autocratic sister-in-law that he actually misses it. Miss Priscilla herself has now one idea only, and that is to see her niece married, and to marry her, moreover, to Captain Hay. The words in Bertie's will have influenced her not a little; it had been his wish that his friend should marry Clare, and to Miss Grand it seems impossible that any one could have the heart to set his desires at naught.

"That nothing may be between them." These words had so distressed the punctilious and order-loving lawyer when written, now seem like the words of an oracle.

Even if Captain Hay were all that is undesirable and unlovable, Miss Priscilla would not hesitate to give him her niece, nor would Clare demur. To both women it appears only natural and right that Bertie's sacrifice should be accepted, and his last wishes fulfilled.

Some time before the —th Hussars had been ordered to Malta, another regiment being sent to the Salford Barracks in its place; and thus it is that Captain Hay, who in that interval has become quite at home at Ainslee Court and completely *ami du maison*, comes to say good-bye before leaving.

It is about five o'clock when he enters the comfortable, cosy-looking drawing-room, and Clare is presiding over the afternoon tea-table, which is drawn close to the fire.

"It is no good offering you any, is it?" she asks, as Gordon takes a chair at her side.

"I would not advise you to offer it if you do not wish me to take it," he answers, smiling.

"I thought you did not care for it," says Clare, pouring out a cup as she speaks. "This is so essentially a woman's meal."

"But I am thirsty, and this will be the last time for some months that I shall have a chance of accepting anything at your hands. We go to-morrow."

"So soon!" cries Clare, turning a little pale.

"Oh Captain Hay, what shall we do without you?" exclaims Miss Priscilla in real dismay; and even Mr. Colquhoun lays down his paper and pushes back his glasses, as though troubled by the information.

"I shall not be long away—you may be assured of that. I shall come over to England as soon as I get my long leave," says Gordon Hay.

"And you will come and stay with us!" says Miss Priscilla cordially. "Now mind—that is a promise," she concludes, as he accepts the invitation.

And then she bustles out of the room on the pretence of having some household matters to attend to, and a few minutes later a message is sent for Mr. Colquhoun to come at once to the library—that some one wishes to see him. To his intense surprise he finds his sister-in-law settled comfortably in an easy chair, with some needle-work in her hand.

"I suppose you would have stayed there all the time?" is her satirical greeting.

"Certainly, my dear—why not?" is the innocent reply.

"Why, you goose, don't you see that they wanted to be alone?"

"Bless my soul, I never thought of that!" says Mr. Colquhoun meekly, taking a chair. "Priscilla, my dear, what a head you have to be sure."

In the meanwhile Captain Hay goes over to Clare's side the instant the door is closed.

"Clare, may I speak to you before I go," he says earnestly.

And she, not pretending to misunderstand him, answers quickly, while her face is covered with blushes.

"No, no, not now; give me time to forget; it seems so soon."

And he does not press her then; he only stoops down and kisses her forehead, and is gone before she has time to return his hurried "good-bye."

* * * * *

Gordon Hay has written several times since his departure—quite friendly letters, that have somehow piqued Clare's vanity and caused her many secret tears.

"He has never loved me," she thinks to herself. "It is only for Bertie's sake that he writes at all."

But Miss Grand could tell a different tale. Even now she has a letter in her pocket in which the writer declares that the hours seem like days, until he can get to England to learn his fate, and that he leaves it to her to decide whether it is best to tell Clare or no.

And Miss Priscilla has judged rightly that, if Clare were expecting him, her excitement would render her greeting cold and careless, or else frankly familiar, which would be worse, and so has said no word.

Lower and lower sinks the sun in the heavens, and brighter and brighter are the streaks of red clouds that stretch across the sky, and the shadows are lengthening perceptibly. Then through the avenue of chestnuts comes a tall, handsome man, with bright blue eyes and long, fair moustache that contrast markedly with his dark, bronzed face. He is evidently attracted by the white dress under the willow tree, for he makes toward it with a quick, decided tread, glancing neither to the right nor to the left. He pushes back the overhanging branches and stands beside Clare, who is still asleep, with her head resting on her arm, and her bright hair streaming over her shoulders. But the intentness of his gaze disturbs the sleeper, and, moving restlessly, she raises herself upon her elbow and opens her eyes. For an instant she is startled, and then a quick sweet smile breaks over her face.

"At last!" she cries joyfully.

"Are you glad?" he whispers excitedly.

But Miss Colquhoun is now herself again.

"Of course I am glad," she says quietly, jumping up as she speaks, and shaking out her skirts. "We are very glad to see anybody in this benighted place."

Captain Hay laughs.

"You are not altered, Clare."

"It is not everybody that does alter in a few months."

"Is that a reproach for me? I assure you I have not altered once during the whole past year."

"It has seemed so," she persists. "Your letters have not been many, Captain Hay."

"Can you not guess why? I was anxious that your mind should be unbiased by any words of mine. I do not wish you to feel yourself bound to me in the very least degree."

She turns away from him half impatiently, but says no word.

"Bertie knows how dear you were to me, but forgot that my affection might not be returned," he continues slowly.

"Poor Bertie!" she says.

Gordon starts at the words.

"It is exactly a year ago since you mentioned his name in those commiserating terms," he says quickly. "Clare, do you know what to-day is?"

"The 20th of May, 1876," answers Clare.

"But do you know what happened a year ago to-day?"

Clare nods her head.

"I am not likely to forget," she says softly.

"I met you for the first time," he goes on thoughtfully. "I think I know every fold of the white dress you wore, every knot of black velvet, and the setting of each diamond that glittered in your hair and on your neck."

"Those were aunt Priscilla's diamonds," interpolates Clare almost mechanically, scarcely knowing what she says. "By-the-by, you ought to go and speak to auntie—she is on the terrace."

But Miss Grand has discreetly retired, and Captain Hay says so.

"She is in the house somewhere; you will easily find her," says Clare carelessly, anxious to ward off what she feels is coming, and nervously playing with the drooping leaves of the tree that shadows them.

"I don't intend to try—just yet," says Gordon Hay, coolly seating himself on the grass, and drawing her down beside him.

"Captain Hay, I must go in."

"Indeed, Miss Colquhoun, you must not," he answers, possessing himself of both her hands.

"But——"

"'But me no buts,' Clare; twice have I wished to speak to you, and you would not let me. This time I will have my way."

"Then loosen my hands, please," she says pleadingly.

"I am not so foolish," says Gordon—"you would escape me."

The laughing light in the girl's eyes tells him that he has not made a bad guess at her intentions.

"I need not answer you if you do speak," she says wilfully.

"No, you need not—but you will."

Clare's head droops; she has found her master, and struggles no longer to be free.

"Clare, I love you!" whispers Gordon Hay passionately, bending over her, but her face is turned away, and he can see only the top of one tiny, shell-like ear, but that is of so rosy a hue that it encourages him to proceed. "My darling, if a love——"

"I don't believe in love," she interrupts provokingly, but without raising her eyes.

Captain Hay points meaningly to a book with a most suggestive title which has fallen at her feet.

"Ah, yes, love is all very well in novels, or on the stage," says the girl audaciously—"then it is the jam that hides the medicine, the little excitement that makes the dull descriptions and duller dialogue go down; but in life——"

"Well, in life it is what?"

"In life it is the medicine that spoils the jam."

"Then consider me your doctor for the nonce, and follow my prescriptions rigidly," answers Captain Hay, laughing; "I shall certainly order you that sort of medicine—to be administered by myself—in big doses."

In spite of herself the corners of her mouth quiver slightly, and she is obliged to smile.

"Clare, I love you so; be merciful," he pleads seriously. "Tell me, may I hope?" And, taking her face between his hands, he looks into the shining depth of her eyes. What he reads there seems to be propitious to his suit, for he takes her in his arms very tenderly and kisses her lips. "Oh, my love, my love—mine at last!" he whispers exultantly, with a deep sigh of relief and contentment.

And she, answering no word, only nestles closer in his embrace; but the mute, involuntary action speaks louder than a whole volume of sentiment and romance.

"She came not to that place by accident—
It is the very place God meant for her."

[THE END.]

CELIA'S SONG.

BY P. H. D.

It was early evening in the village of Dortauf. Around the old piano in the little parlor of the music-master Hoff's dwelling were himself, wife and adopted daughter.

All sang well, but Celia, the girl, a fair-haired, pretty featured maid of twenty, brought a flush of gratified pride to the old man's face, as her glorious voice rose and fell in the simple but heart-stirring ballads of her native mountains.

The chorus was ended and the last note of the symphony died softly away. Such sweet feelings did the old air suggest, that it seemed almost sacrilege to break the silence with mere speech.

"Now, my child, that," said the musician gently, as he pointed to a manuscript ballad bearing his own name, and lying at Celia's elbow.

The girl turned towards the master's wife without speaking, and with an expression of weariness she could not conceal.

"Celia is tired, Father," remarked the Frau, "and besides it is time to prepare for the Halle."

She tried to speak confidently, but somehow an undertone of timidity was apparent in every word.

Herr Hoff turned on the stool, and his strong, determined character was plainly written in his eyes. A man who could so show his soul in his face, should certainly rather expect household fear than love.

"I know my duty, madam," he curtly observed; "begin the song."

There was an instant silence, and the girl wavered between inclination and duty. A tear hung upon her eyelids and her hand involuntarily moved toward the music. But again that wearied look shadowed her brow, and darkening cloud-like into resolution, she exclaimed:

"Do what you will, Father, I will sing no more."

He started from his seat as though stung, and his hand clenched.

"Sing no more! What do you mean?"

"That I am sick and wearied to death," was the girl's reply. "I do not wish to be a great songstress. I will do what I have promised, but no more."

A threatening gloom settled on the musician's countenance, and he caught her roughly by the shoulder.

"Is this your return for my care? Would you throw fortune away when it is within our reach? All may depend upon a single note, and you must be perfect. In the others you would deserve victory, but in this you will gain it."

He managed to control himself in speaking by a strong effort, but the struggle shook him like a leaf. It was plain he was not used to contradiction.

"I do not need practice," Celia answered determinedly, "I know it well."

Herr Hoff hesitated a moment before answering. When he did his words were fierce and dogged.

"I will not risk my reputation for a foolish whim. I have tried too long to now face even the chance of failure. Come!"

He moved towards the instrument again, but before he was seated the maiden repeated:

"Do what you will, Father, I will sing no more."

At this his suppressed passion mastered him, and he cried excitedly.

"By heavens, girl, you shall do my bidding or leave this house. I will not submit to be bearded by an impudent chit on whom care and kindness are thrown away. It is too early for you to play the master, my lady; too early, indeed."

The girl started at the unexpected words, but proudly replied:

"I do not wish to play the master, nor do I wish to continue in your house. I will go."

As she spoke she moved towards the door. Her foster-mother attempted to detain her, but her husband's imperious "Let her go," caused her to drop her hand.

"A soulless, obstinate, ungrateful girl," he added, "that knows neither love nor duty."

No more was then said, and as Celia passed into the shadow of the entry and ascended to her room, the music-master turned to the piano and seemed resolved to wreak his rage upon the glistening keys. The strings gave forth thunders of sound under the violent handling, and at times moaned as if in pain from his merciless touch.

The tempest was lessening as Celia's returning footsteps sounded on the threshold but he did not turn his head. Had he done so and the half-sorrowful light in his eye met the regretful look in her own, it might have been different; but he played on.

"Good bye, Mother. I am going to the Halle."

At these words he ceased the music a second, but it was only to take the manuscript sheets from the stand and place them on the rack before him.

Frau Hoff rose, this time without detention, and passed out with Celia, while the music-master alone ran over and hummed the song he had in vain sought to have her sing.

There was to be a concert that night in the Stadt Halle, in which Celia had been engaged to take part. From some source Herr Hoff had learned that a manager who had heard of his foster-child's splendid talents, was to be present. Conscious that she needed but a metropolitan hearing to become great, he had for weeks been preparing her for the occasion.

But it would seem as if a certain amount of selfishness was in his motive. He was led as much, no doubt, by considerations of profit as love of art. Indeed when he first took her from a charity school to render his dwelling less gloomy to the woman he had made his wife, the girl's voice, even then noticeable, had as great influence in his choice as her pretty face.

The song which he would have her sing over with him that night was one of his own composition. But with a fatuity which is not unusual, he thought that all should admire it as he did. It was certainly a pretty melody adapted to noble words, but for all that was apt if repeatedly forced upon the ear for hours at a time, to become monotonous, if not actually distasteful. This had been Celia's experience, and being of a highly-wrought nervous temperament, it resulted in an outbreak.

At the concert she did score a success, and the manager happened to be present. The two events resulted, through friends—for she would not return to the Hoffs—in her engagement, after some months' training, as second prima donna of the imperial opera. There, although she never attained the very highest place, her position was both honorable and lucrative.

During a year's absence she had heard but once from her former home. Even that was not agreeable and sadly touched her heart. It was to the effect that after her departure the music teacher had suddenly grown despondent, neglected his pupils, and finally became dissipated. Whether at disappointment in his defeated ambition, or sorrow for the loss of his foster child, was a mooted point among the speculative villagers.

It was the Summer vacation and the artists of the Opera, more in compliance with custom than necessity, separated to recruit for the coming season. The fashionable watering places received their quota, while the mountains and forests gave welcome to those whose tastes ran in quieter channels.

M'lle Catalina Hoffmann, for the stage usually rechristians her children, withdrew to Dortauf.

There was little apparently in the sleepy place nestling at the foot of the Alps to tempt the tired denizen of the city, but the light diligence that conveyed her thither, fleet as it was, scarcely seemed to keep pace with her wish.

It was nightfall when she arrived at the village inn. A short conversation with the Boniface, and after changing her traveling dress, she walked hastily out under the bright cool night, towards the house of the musicmaster.

It was perhaps the knowledge of something ill that lent wings to her feet, and made the overgrown son of the innkeeper who accompanied her, curse amid his puffing, the unlucky star that made him leave the pleasant somnolescent influences of his father's porch, to dance attendance on an anxious woman. Very likely he knew before she did that the musicmaster's home was to be sold, and that he must vacate it on the morrow, but the knowledge neither lent alacrity to his footsteps, nor made the forsaken porch and its attendant smoke less agreeable by contrast.

They cross the meadow and the house is in sight. There is a light in the parlor, and from the window floats the soft sound of a piano. Celia stops and listens. Well she knows the prelude and whose fingers touch the keys. A moment passes and over the hushed silence comes the voices of the master and his wife, mingled in the well known song. It would seem as if they were thus bidding a sad farewell to their old home. A moment more and high above their own and the tones of the instrument, the throat upon whose notes cultured thousands had hung with delight, swelled forth in such a flood of glorious melody that even the open-mouthed inn-keeper's son would fain have said it was better than the sleepy smoking and the sleepier converse of the village inn.

As the singer neared the half-opened door the strain swelled into fuller harmony and the noble chord that closed it as she entered the little parlor, was a fitting exaltation in the reconcilement of erring but loving hearts.

This was years ago. The home of the musicmaster, however, was not sold. It was his while he lived, and a daughter's love with it. And, though strangers now occupy it, there is something in the village besides the memory of the famous singer, that tells its story:

In the parish churchyard the stone that marks the resting place of Johannes Hoff and his wife Gretchen, contains also the opening bars of an air which almost the smallest boy in the place will sing for you, and that is known as Celia's Song.

FACETIÆ

—"A trying position"—The Judge's.

—"Attending the fair"—Seeing a young lady home.

—The story of the impecunious man is usually a "short" one.

—"An eye to the main chance"—The choir tenor's tender regard for the soprano.

—Vinnie Ream is going to make a bust of Senator David Davis, and several marble quarries are running on extra time in consequence.

—They talk of the excessive ugliness of the ornithorynchus—the beast with a bill. Most people, however, would rather see it than that more horrible beast, a creditor with a bill.

—There are various ways of disseminating information. It may be brought to your house ever so secretly, but boil a codfish for dinner and all the neighborhood almost instantly nose it.

—Tanners perhaps are careless about the fact, but the prospective advent of the dogcatchers, on their Summer crusade, will have a very material effect in reducing the stock of "bark" in the city.

—It is no conclusive proof of onions not then being invented, that poets of former days almost invariably got off something about their darling's breath being "Sweet and balmy as the morning breeze."

—Those of our citizens who do not believe in the fancy mathematics taught at our leading colleges, will see their utility by attempting to read a modern scientific base ball score without their assistance.

—Some people think the American boy's love for pirate stories is an inherited instinct; the result of their sensible fathers' belief in and frequent searches for the treasures of Captain Kidd along the Jersey coast.

—In some parts of Europe the peasants' wives hitch themselves like animals to the farming utensils and pull them forward. This differs somewhat from America, where the "pullback" is most popular with women.

—Many men don't like winter, but of a hot summer's day, as they imbibe the festive julep with its accompaniments of ice diamonds, there are few of them who will not confess the cold season has some good in it after all.

—Temperance men will produce incontrovertible statistics to the effect that there is nothing in the world so healthy as water, and a belief in this may be the reason why so many dairymen mix it with their milk.

—Medical colleges generally graduate their thousands of students in the Spring. The man who can't see Providence in thus forestalling the green apple and colic season, has never been a little boy with an indiscriminate appetite himself.

—It's singular, but when a man's straw hat blows off he don't seem to think of the old proverb which says, "Straws show which way the wind blows." If he does think of it he generally takes a very profane method of expressing his thoughts.

—That all things are in a continual process of change is well known, and one of the most curious phenomena attending them is to see a lot of industrious flies and a man's bald head of a warm day, gradually converting themselves into profanity.

—In a San Francisco paper Dio Lewis gives a long string of reasons why people are baldheaded, but the investigating mind among them all fails to find a certain leading cause which any married man in the country can tell without hesitation.

—Some girls recently scared away a lot of rattlesnakes by shaking their red petticoats at them, and it may be expected of economical bummers hereafter, when assaulted by the customary serpents, to terrify them by merely wobbling their blooming noses.

—Her husband had an evening gathering of select friends during her visit to her mother, and when she returned and saw the condition of the carpet and corners of the room next day, she thought how aptly Shakspeare expressed it—

"True 'tis spitty, and spitty 'tis, 'tis true."

—The doctrine of evolution is at least true as regards some phases of nature. At eighteen a girl loves the vegetable world as represented by the gentle winning flowers; at thirty and after, her affection in this regard stops at the unsymmetrical cabbage, or even the less poetical bean.

—Boys in the earlier part of the fruit season do not eat the green apples for the express purpose of getting a knowledge of good and evil; but usually after the doctor finds he can't get the colic out unless by means of some half-dozen mustard plasters, the youth, in spite of himself, generally learns a good deal more than he knew before.

—The adaptability of younger human nature to present circumstances, is strongly shown in that trait where the tendency to the generally perpendicular slide on the ice in Winter, takes the common though somewhat abnormal shape of sliding down marble steps and cellar doors in a half-horizontal position, best adapted to meet natural needs and the lack of artificial accommodations.

—A lady who once in girlhood sat on Dr. Johnson's knee, has just died in England, aged ninety-seven years. This incident will serve to explain that the interest so many young men take in having girls do likewise at the present, is merely with intent to bankrupt life insurance companies in having them all grow old, and also shows that the eminent English scholar and philosopher not only lent his sanction to, but even practiced this eminently healthful and cheerful pastime.

—In clamoring to be made voters and thus become politicians, stump-speakers, etc., the women of the country don't appear to see what it might possibly lead to. It would of course be necessary for them at times to refer to the glorious privileges and enjoyments and things generally they had when former parties were in power. If these parties, however, happen to be existent forty or fifty years before, a great deal would thus be unconsciously divulged regarding the age that every true female naturally desires to conceal.

A BILIOUS HEADACHE, and all the uncomfortable symptoms accompanying a Disordered Liver, may be speedily gotten rid of by the use of Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills.

OUR LONGINGS.

There is something beyond—something beyond—
But where is it hiding, that vague, fair dream?
Always above us, always beyond us,
A beacon as bright as the sun's glad beam

Alas! how oft we try to grasp it,
And our eager hands are outstretched in vain!
But our yearning eyes gaze always upward,
Striving so weakly our purpose to gain.

How grand it seems in our expectation—
That unknown something so veiled from our sight!
How bitter our cry of blind displeasure
Against the just God who ordains all right!

But harder, far harder, the painful wisdom,
(For it comes at last after weary years),
When the longed-for something is in our grasp,
So faded and poor 'midst our bitter tears.

Tears—when we find our idol shattered,
Of our cherished hope as a thing of air;
Knowing that years have been spent in longing
For something unworthy of love or care.

Then is the hour when the heart is riven—
Then is the hour when the blinding tears fall;
To know that what we have loved is worthless—
Oh, that is the cruelest pain of all!

THE

NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"I hardly know how I feel about it," said Lady Euphemia. "It has given me a cold chill. It seems to me as though some terrible evil would come of it, apart from the fact of her being unfit to be Lionel's wife. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I did not like her: she impressed me unfavorably somehow."

"I can't believe it," Lady Royston said. "It must be some terrible mistake, or a hoax."

"Lionel isn't given to hoaxes," his sister said, sadly. "But I can't think why he didn't tell us before. He can't have fallen in love with this—this lady all of a sudden, and be going to marry her without any courtship!"

"He's ashamed of himself, Phemie, that's what it is. Depend upon it, there's something shameful behind all this deceit and juggling. He's——"

"Stop, auntie," said Lady Euphemia, with heightened color; "you are talking of my brother. We Breakspeares do not do shameful things."

"No; but Breakspeares can be fools, it seems. I beg your pardon, my dear. I love Lal as if he were my own son (as he would have been if Providence had not willed it otherwise,) and I can't help speaking. There may be something behind that he does not tell us; but I feel he is going to do something that he will rue to the day of his death."

"So do I; but we can do nothing. There's more in the letter. He wants us to go to Castletowers to receive them."

"Receive that woman in your mother's place—never, Phemie."

"I think we must, auntie dear. We don't know any wrong of her. For ought we know, she may have a pedigree as long as our own, and may be as blameless in her life as we are ourselves."

"May be; but I don't believe she is. I won't countenance it, Phemie. I won't go to Castletowers on any such errand."

"Then I must go alone, auntie. Lal shall not bring his wife home, be she who she may, without finding a welcome when he gets there. If I don't like her, I need have nothing more to do with her. Besides, there are many things at Castletowers that I should like to bring away. In all the alterations that will be going on, and all the fuss, my poor little mementoes of the past will get thrown aside as worthless. Castletowers will never be home for me again."

"Lal would be very angry if he heard you say so, my dear."

"I dare say he would and would think me very unkind in saying such a thing, but it is true, auntie, for all that. Husband and wife belong to each other, and the presence of a third party, no matter how near and dear to both of them, is a mistake. You'll have to keep me for good and all, dear old woman."

"Till you get a husband to relieve me of my charge."

"Don't talk about that," said Lady Euphemia, a shade coming over her pretty face. "I don't think I shall ever marry. Since I made that dreadful mistake that you know of, I have never looked on marriage as a possibility for myself. I'm going to live with you, and be 'Aunt Phemie' to Lal's children by and by."

She bowed her head upon her hands as she spoke, and burst into tears—tears for her own dead love, which would never change or falter while her life should last, and something of sorrow and dread for her brother's future too—a future that looked black with a darkness of indefinable terror.

Miss Burgoyne's amazement and indignation at the news were a treat to behold.

"That woman!" she exclaimed.

"That woman," replied Lady Royston. "It is a fact. "By this time, I expect she is Duchess of Castletowers."

"Why, she's an adventuress—a thief. She stole that locket—I know she did, the brazen hussy. I don't know your brother, my dear," she added, addressing herself to Lady Euphemia; "but he's a fool and he'll find it out some day."

"I'm afraid he will," was the grave reply; "but we cannot help it. We are going to England to receive him when he comes home."

"To humble yourself to her—to see Saltire's servant—for she was nothing better to that lazy maniac of a daughter of theirs—take precedence of you!" The idea's horrible."

"It will have to be, dear Miss Burgoyne. She will be Duchess of Castletowers."

"More shame for the duke; tell him I say so. I suppose wild horses wouldn't stop him now. He's blind and dizzy with love, and can see no faults in his mulatto beauty. It's my belief that she had black blood in her veins."

"It would be a bold man or woman that would attempt to stop him now," Lady Royston remarked. "He'll have plenty of time for repentance, that's one comfort; and he will repent—I feel sure of it."

The two ladies went to Castletowers, to Mrs. Caterham's great delight. She felt the responsibility rather too much for her of arranging everything, and was very glad of Lady Royston's advice and help.

That lady secretly enjoyed the little excitement, though she did everything under protest, and openly avowed her disapprobation of the whole proceedings. Lady Euphemia said very little, but one thing puzzled her very much. She was quite sure she knew the face of the woman engaged for lady's maid, and couldn't make out where she had seen it before.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MARRIED.

Now, wedlock's a very awful thing;
It's something like that feat in the ring,
That requires great nerve to do it,
When one of a grand equestrian troupe
Makes a dash at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting thro' it.—*Hood.*

The remembrance of where she had seen the new lady's-maid flashed across Lady Euphemia one day when she and her aunt were visiting Ferndale Hollow. The spice of romance attached to it, and the slight suspicion of mystery surrounding its new owner, made her curious to see the place again, and with Lady Royston she walked down there one day. Mr. Douglas might be expected by any mail now, they were told, and everything was in order for his arrival. A well fitted, comfortable gentleman's house it had become—a very paradise for a bachelor of quiet tastes. The women servants had arrived, and the man to look after the garden, and the groom was already located in his premises over the new stables.

Lady Euphemia looked about her with interest; though there was a perturbed, troubled expression on her pretty face.

"Mr. Douglas has taken all the romance out of Ferndale," she said, "in breaking up the old cellars. The Duchess Christabel can have no imitators now."

"Imitators, child—what do you mean? People don't push one another down cellars in these days. Women don't shut their husbands up to die of starvation, except in novels."

"Wicked women will do anything, auntie. I——"

She stopped suddenly, her words dying away unspoken. They were standing in the room that had once been Hilda's boudoir, now transformed into the most prosaic looking of offices. Evidently, Mr. Douglas intended to make this a business room: there was no sign of any pleasant occupation about it at all. The pictures were removed from the walls, and the tinted glass in the window had given place to plain ground panes, which admitted light, but nothing else. A writing table, two or three chairs, and a map or two upon the walls was all the furniture it contained.

"It's enough to make any one melancholy mad," Lady Royston declared. "What were you going to say when you stopped, Phemie?"

"I think I was going to say that I was glad Ferndale was so altered, but all of a sudden I remembered where I had seen that woman Pearce, the new lady's maid at the castle."

"Ah, a very tidy sort of a girl, I tried her. She'll do, I think, though she's rather nervous, and a little countrified in her ways. What about her, my dear?"

"Why, it was here in this very house I saw her first. She was a servant to—to the lady who lived here—Mrs. Longmore."

"Ah, the woman that turned poor Lal's head. She seems to have got on in the world since then. Don't you like her being at the castle?"

"No, I don't. I can't bear there should be any association left with that miserable time."

"My dear child, what morbid ideas you have. The woman is dead and buried. Forget her. She was nothing to you."

"I don't believe she is dead, auntie."

Lady Royston faced round to her *protegee*, and stared blankly at her.

"Not dead, child! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I don't believe she is dead."

"But Lal saw her dead—the doctor certified to the cause of her death—all the neighborhood knows it. You must be crazy, Phemie, to fancy such a thing!"

"I don't think I am. If she is dead, where was she buried? Why was she spirited away in the night? What means the ghost people here swear to having seen? And where did that village doctor, who could hardly put bread in his children's mouths before, get the money from to set up in a fine house and start in life afresh?"

"Depend upon it, Phemie, all these things can be explained. You brood upon fancies till they grow to be realities to you."

"I don't think they are fancies, auntie. I feel sure that that woman is alive, and in the world somewhere, and will work us mischief yet."

"And what has Lizzie Pearce to do with it?"

Lady Euphemia could not tell. She felt there was wrong and misery somewhere, but she could not see where; and she went back to Castletowers, heartily wishing that her brother had never seen either the goldenhaired enchantress at Rome, or this new fancy, of whom she herself entertained no pleasant recollection.

Lady Royston was troubled with no presentiments or sentimental worries. She wept a few tears over the terrible fate of her own daughter, and heartily wished her nephew had not made such a fool of himself; but on the whole she was inclined to make the best of things, and hope that the new duchess would be presentable, and amenable to hints and advice. She asked Lizzie Pearce how she came to be there, and told her that Lady Euphemia had recognised her again.

Lizzie curtsied and replied that her ladyship was right—she had been maid of all work at the Hollow at the time of Mrs. Longmore's death. She had held two good situations since, she said, and had come into a little money unexpectedly, which accounted for her improved appearance and her ability to qualify herself, as she had done, for her new line of service.

"And you have never seen Mrs. Longmore since?"

"Seen her, my lady? She was dead when I left!"

"Ah, of course; but I have heard—that is, I believe that some people doubt whether she is dead at all. Do you think she is?"

Lizzie opened her eyes very wide, and stared at her questioner.

"I don't think I quite understand you, my lady," she said. "I never heard any one doubt that she was dead, poor thing. I never thought of speaking of her. I know she was taken away, and I have never heard her name mentioned from that time till I came back here after my last service."

"And heaven send that her ladyship may go away from Castletowers soon, or I shall be questioned out of my senses," Miss Pearce said to herself when she had regained her own apartment, "or make her responsible for all the lies I have to tell. What's Mrs. Longmore to her, I should like to know, that she's so curious about her?"

Honore Chantrelle, far away in Cawnpore, had many misgivings as to her reception at Castletowers. She dreaded up to the very last moment that something would happen to prevent her marriage. She knew there was no time for letters to come; but she feared that words might come flashing under the sea by the all powerful cable, which would undo all that her diplomacy had been able to accomplish. Half a dozen would be sufficient, and the cost would be no object. But they never came, and she sat in her pretty room in Captain Ransome's bungalow on the eve of her wedding day triumphant.

Her dress, a shimmering cloud of white satin and dainty lace, was spread out in the adjoining room, and her traveling costume, a dainty suit of blue and gray silk, was ready beside it. Only twelve hours more and she would be at the summit of her wildest ambition—she would be Duchess of Castletowers.

"And then people may talk as they like, and say what they please," she said to herself, as she looked at her radiant beauty in the glass. "After the words that are spoken at the altar nothing can harm me—nothing—except——"

She paused in her muttered words, and shivered.

"Bah! I am a fool," she said. "My secret is safe. Doubly safe now that there is a new owner for the Hollow. If he would only sell it? He must be bribed to part with it—money is all omnipotent. I will have it yet."

She had turned very pale, and she applied some rouge to her cheeks with a liberal but skilful hand.

"Who was the fool who prayed 'Lord, keep my memory green?'" she said, as she regarded the effect of her touching up. "My constant prayer is to forget. It is memory that whitens the hair and blanches the cheek, and makes a woman old before her time. There's only one thing in the weary past that I care to remember, that is how the duke has loved me, Duchess of Castletowers, Hilda Sforza! Not a bad match for an artist's daughter."

No regret for the husband she had lost mingled with her meditations—not one thought of affection or love for the memory of the man who had sacrificed so much for her sake, and whose whole aim had been to render her happy. She had stood beside his tomb, and read the sad record graven there without a tear. She had made his grave the stepping stone of her ambition—the hour of his death the beginning of her new life. Hitherto her path had been all success; but there was a future to come. Her marriage was in some sort a leap into the dark, and her life would be a kind of Damocles existence, whose sword might fall at any moment, and end her life and her triumph together.

Her bridesmaids came in full of pleasant anticipation of the morrow, and put her uncomfortable meditations to flight. There were to be only two—the captain's pair of daughters—and very few guests were invited. The duke and duchess were to start immediately after the breakfast *en route* for Allahabad, thence to Bombay, to take the first Peninsular and Oriental boat for Suez. Honore's smiles were as ready, when the delighted girls entered, their heads and tongues full of the morrow's finery, as though she had not had a disquiet thought, and she entered into an animated discussion with them about their dresses and her own, which lasted until the mother came and ordered all three of them off to bed, if they wanted to rise with any good looks at all in the morning.

Then came a dream to Mr. Saltire's governess, on this the last night of her single-life, which roused her from her sleep, to lie panting and terrified till it was time to rise and prepare for her new bridal. It was all of Bracy Burgoyne, who pointed to her bridal flowers, and withered them with a touch, and who bade her "Beware, beware!" in a voice that chilled her blood. It was all a strange, confused jumble, but the horror of it left her sick and cold, and thankful when the light came and the voices of the servants about the house told that something besides jackals and parish dogs was alive about the cantonments.

She got up and bathed her face, and shook her feathery golden hair into the beautiful dishevelment in which she always wore it, and looked herself once more. The gleaming curls were not so long as when she stood for the model of enchantress in her father's picture, but they were even more beautiful. They had grown thick and fast, and fell away from her temples and over her back behind with a peculiar grace. A ribbon passed through them was all the dressing she permitted about her head, and the effect was tasteful and becoming. The bridal wreath was to crown her head to-day. No one here knew that she was a widow, and she would wear white, as a bride should.

CHAPTER XL.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

Is it a dream? Is it a phantasm? 'Tis
Too horrible for reality! For aught else
Too palpable! Oh! would it were a dream!
How would I bless the sun that waked me from it.
—*Sheridan Knowles.*

While Honore was dressing for her bridal, and motherly Mrs. Ransome, with her head in splended array, and her ample person arrayed in a flannel dressing gown, was fussing about her, and helping her to dress, Mark Douglas was flying through the country at express speed on his way to Cawnpore. He reached the city about nine o'clock in the morning, and astonished the porters at the station by jumping in excited fashion out of the carriage, and asking if he was too late.

"For what, sahib?" the man asked.

"The marriage. The Duke of Castletowers—is he married yet?"

The man didn't know. The duke was an enigma to him—he had never heard of him.

"The colonel of the—th," Mark Douglas said, explaining.

The man brightened up. Oh, the great sahib at the cantonments! He was to be married that morning; he thought it must be over by now.

Where was the marriage to be? Mark Douglas asked.

"At the cantonment church, sahib, about one coss from here."

The gentleman flung the astonished man a rupee, and threw himself into the first gharrie he saw, bidding the driver use all the speed in his power to get over the two miles, or thereabouts, of distance that separated the cantonments from the station.

Travel-soiled, weary, and agitated, he formed a sorry contrast to the bright group that filled the church as he stepped out of the glare of the sunshine into the shadow and repose of the little sanctuary.

"Is it over?" he asked in a hoarse whisper, of the soldier who was keeping the door. "Are they married?"

"Yes, sir."

It was over; Hilda Sforza was Hilda Breakspeare now. The fiat had gone forth, and could not be unspoken. Whatever Mark Douglas's business with the duke might have been he was too late.

"They are coming out, sir," the man said, as the vestry door opened. "Stand a little this way, if you please sir; the carriges are coming up."

But Mark Douglas did not seem to hear him. He stared stupidly at the gleaming figure advancing on Lionel Breakspeare's arm, and then tumbled heavily on the floor in a fit.

The duchess did not see him, or if she did, made no particular mark of the dusty figure talking to the man at the door. It was only when the commotion that ensued stopped their progress that she saw what had happened.

"Some one has fallen down in a fit, my darling," said the duke. "Stand here a moment while I see."

He gave her in charge of Captain Ransome, and stepped forward, returning in a few moments with a perplexed look.

"You must spare me for a few minutes presently," he said. "I must go and see the gentleman. He is our nearest neighbor at Castletowers, Hilda—Mr. Mark Douglas."

The new Duchess of Castletowers, with all her new made honors thick upon her, had no time to spare to think of Mr. Mark Douglas. She knew of his being in India, and wondered a little what he might be doing in Cawnpore. She was very sorry, but not interested, when told who it was that had been taken ill in the church.

"Poor man," she said, when the duke had handed her into the carriage and caught her in his arms with delight of feeling that she was his own irrevocably. "I hope his illness is not a bad omen, Lionel."

"We won't have any bad omens, sweet one," he replied, fondly; "our life shall be one long dream of happiness. You must spare me for a minute or two presently, my love. I must go and see Mr. Douglas; he was asking for me, it seems."

"I wonder what brought him to Cawnpore now?"

"Perhaps he has altered his mind about the Hollow, and means to let us have it after all. He did not know the date of our wedding day, evidently."

"Oh, if that was his only business, there would be nothing wanting to make me the happiest woman on earth."

"Ferndale shall not stand in your way if money can buy it, your grace," said the duke, and Hilda's heart gave a great bound at the sound of her title from his lips. "You shall have it, you covetous little duchess; but here we are—put on your dignity, and go in. You have gained a little since you went out with the captain, and there's a mob waiting to see how you bear your new honors."

The duke need have had no fear on the subject. Hilda bore herself as though she had been born in the purple and been used to regal honors all her life. She received the congratulations of those about her with quiet composure, and went through the ordeal of the wedding breakfast with elegance and grace. She was very pale, and there was a weary look in her blue eyes, as if her heart was not so light as a bride's should be. Somehow, the remembrance of her dream mingled with odd visions of Mark Douglas, whom she had never seen, kept coming before her in a broken phantasmagoria that made her thoughts wander strangely. She went back in memory to the other wedding, when she had sworn to love, honor, and obey Bracy Burgoyne, and to cling to him while life should last. She wore no glittering dress or gleaming jewels at that quiet ceremony, and there was no crowd of gay guests to wish her joy as she stepped into the outer world a wife. If her probation had been long and dreary her day of triumph had come now, and yet there was a skeleton at the feast—a dread horror only known to herself—that took the sparkle from her diamonds and the froth from her champagne, and left an aching void where happiness should have reigned supreme.

She hid it bravely and well. In a little while the sparkle came back to her eyes, and a faint flush rose to her cheeks, making her look almost unearthly beautiful, and she was all smiles when the time came for her to don her traveling gear.

"Be ready when I come back, my own," the duke whispered, after he had apologised to the party for leaving them for a little while. "The minutes will seem like hours till we are off."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Visit to Muggur Peer, in the Scinde Frontier Province of India.

It may probably interest our readers to hear of one of the most extraordinary assemblages of the many wonderful creatures which inhabit this our sphere. At a distance of nine miles from Kurrachee—a town rapidly growing in reputation and wealth as an important seaport town, on the north-west frontier of India—is a place called Muggur Peer, "muggur" signifying alligator or crocodile, "peer" holy, as the muggurs are held sacred by Hindoos and Mahommedans. The drive to Muggur Peer from Kurrachee is across a flat expanse of desert, the only sign of vegetation being cactus in huge tangled bushes, but without leaves or flowers, though we were told that they flower in the months of May and June, when it is almost too hot to drive across this desert. As we approached nearer Muggur Peer, which is adjacent to the river Hub—whence these animals come—there arises from the sandy desert steep hills of barren rock, destitute of vegetation. Part of the road traversed is very rough and very heavy, so that it is necessary to be accompanied by a third horse, which, when requisite, is attached with ropes to the carriage in front of the pair, and ridden postillion. Once or twice during the drive we saw small nomad dwelling places, low little mat huts, inhabited by a rather wild-looking people. Cows, goats, chickens, &c., were scattered about around the huts, apparently trying to discover food amongst the sand. The first permanent building we saw after passing through a narrow gorge in the rocks is the Dak, or travellers' bungalow. Passing this, we soon arrived at a pretty grove of palm and banyan trees, affording grateful shade, whence we saw the peer or temple, on the summit of a high mound. The temple is white, and of dome shape, surrounded by an irregular castellated wall. Strewn thickly all over the surrounding ground are countless tombs, curious little stone erections about a foot high, some few of them being carved in relief, and here and there are a few colored tiles. These are the graves of the people who are brought to this part of the world, as the ground is considered particularly holy. At the foot of the wall surrounding the temple is a hot spring of water, which is a specific for diseases of the skin: hard by this is a high mud wall, inclosing a few bushes, and a very muddy piece of water, the whole not more than forty or fifty feet across. This small muddy pool contains no less than eighty of these muggurs, varying in size from four to fourteen feet long; their mouths, when open, are nor unlike that of a hippopotamus, and their roar is fierce and loud; they are amphibious. Their eyes glance lazily through little slits from which they look out quite unconscious of the sensations they create in devouring raw the carcasses of goats, camels, &c., which are given them by Mussulman and Hindoo pilgrims, who come to the shrine of the purifying springs. The sightseer can have his curiosity gratified by paying for the slaughter of a goat, value 4s., which is immediately skinned; and it is very marvellous to see the facility with which one of these muggurs can swallow the entire head of the goat, or a leg with its hoof; truly the digestion of a muggur is mighty. After the head and legs of the goat have been fought for and devoured, then comes the finale. The carcass of the goat is thrown in, and wonderful is the commotion, and also the horrid smell of the small dirty pool, as these eighty creatures flop over and over in their anxiety to get a bit; and in less than one minute not a vestige is left of the goat's carcass. This may read as if it were a very horrid sight, and certainly it is rather so; but it has a great similarity with that of a fox being thrown to a pack of excited hounds.

THE CAT—ANCIENT AND MODERN

Cruel and treacherous, a lover of the night and darkness, the cat, with its distrustful gaze and marked attachment to localities, was very naturally the animal selected, in the middle ages of superstition and witchcraft, to represent the familiar companion, in which was embodied the evil spirit supposed to attend all those who practiced the black art in former times. Long before this time, however, as some people are probably aware, the cat was one of the most highly favored animals living; petted, pampered, carefully protected, and actually worshipped by the then most civilized people in the world, the ancient Egyptians. How this reverence came to be paid to the cat in particular by this extraordinary people, it is quite impossible to determine; but by some it is supposed to have originated from the benefits conferred on mankind by its destruction of vermin and reptiles; at any rate, if the Egyptian cats were as useful as they are represented to have been, the care taken of them is easily accounted for. Though it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile trained their cats not only to hunt game, but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted upon walls at Thebes and on a stone now in the British Museum afford proof of the Egyptian cat's services in this respect. In one of these representations Puss is depicted in the act of seizing a bird that has been brought down by the marksman in the boat: while in the other scene, as the sport has not begun, the cats are seen in the boat ready for their work. Thus it appears from these ancient illustrations of field and other sports that the Egyptians were able to train their domestic cats to act in the same way as our modern retriever dogs do.

It is generally supposed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water; but this is clearly a fallacy, like many other popular notions about the animal world. The tiger is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in quest of prey or to effect its escape from some enemy. As cats are exceedingly fond of fish, they will often drag them alive out of their native element when they get the chance. They have been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered; and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fishpond, during the spawning season especially. Again, a cat will take the water in pursuit of a rat, a fact that was proved by a gentleman not many years ago. On one occasion being accompanied by one of his pets, a rat was started, which the cat not only pursued, but chased into the water close by, eventually swimming to an island some little distance from the bank, where it remained a short time and then swam back.

Diana, or Pasht, as that goddess was called in Egypt, was the tutelary deity of cats. Various reasons are assigned for this curious selection of the cat as the animal worthy of being dedicated to the moon. We find that according to Plutarch the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but an emblem of it; and that a figure of a cat was fixed on a sistrum to denote the moon, just as a figure of a frog on a ring denoted a man in embryo. And further, it was supposed that the pupils of a cat's eyes always dilated as the moon got towards the full, and then decreased as the moon waned again. This has been given by some as the reason why cats were held sacred to Diana.

As before stated, the Egyptians treated these animals with unusual care and attention during their lifetime; hence, it is not surprising to find, that the death of a cat was regarded as a family misfortune, in consequence of which the household went into mourning. Their regret for the defunct cat was displayed then by the curious custom of shaving off the eyebrows before attending the funeral, which they invariably conducted with great pomp. Previous to interment the bodies of these pets were embalmed, and then, when it was possible, conveyed to the city of Bubastis, where they were placed in the temples sacred to Pasht.

The wilful destruction of a cat in Egypt is looked upon as a very serious offense even now; but in the good old days (for cats) at Bubastis, the offense, even supposing it to have been accidental, was punished with prompt severity. The unfortunate offender, as in the case of a Roman soldier whose story is told by Diodorus, was taken prisoner and tried, condemned and sentenced—to death! Puss had fine times of it in those early years of superstition and animal worship; but unfortunately for her, other people formed different notions concerning her character and occupations generally; for in the middleages cats got the reputation of being the only animals that ill-famed old women could induce to live in their houses; consequently they became associated with witchcraft and all that was diabolical and uncanny by the credulous people of those times. In the Isle of Thanet a carving still exists on one of the *misereres* of the church which represents an ugly old woman sitting in a chair and holding a distaff in her hand, while two cats sit close beside her, one of them indeed in the chair itself, looking as if it wished to spring on to her shoulder. It seems, however, that old women did not monopolize the cats even in those days, for it is known that in the thirteenth century one of the rules of the English convents was that the nuns should keep no other beast but a cat; hence we may infer that cats were looked upon more favorably by the religious orders than by the people generally.

The cat has been connected with many curious superstitions in various parts of the world. In some localities, for instance, it is believed that witches in the shape of cats are in the habit of roaming about the roofs of the houses during the month of February; and so they are promptly shot. In Germany a similar notion prevails respecting black cats, in consequence of which they are never allowed to go near the cradles of young children, though it is not easy to understand why the young should be more exposed to danger from these suppositious witches than those more advanced in years. But numerous instances might be given of the incredible nonsense that has been believed and is still believed in some places about the diabolical attributes of a cat, especially a black one. In Sicily, where the cat is looked upon as sacred to St. Martha, there is a superstition that any one who wilfully or accidentally kills a cat will be punished by the serious retribution of seven years of unhappiness. So if any credit is attached to this, the life of the cat in Sicily must be as secure from harm as in the palmy days of Egyptian cat-worship. In Hungary there is a curious superstition that before a cat can become a good mouser it must be stolen. The familiar nursery story of Whittington and his cat, as well as the favorite children's fable of Puss in Boots, can be traced some hundreds of years back.

It is perhaps an unfortunate thing that the habits of cats are not more carefully observed, as it is by no means certain that their peculiarities are fully understood. By some their intelligence is very much underrated, and they are often looked upon as lazy uninteresting animals, only to be tolerated in a house so long as they devote themselves to nocturnal raids against mice or rats, as the case may be. However, they cannot be put on a par with the dog, for as far as present as well as past experience shows, the cat, with certain most honorable exceptions, is neither as useful, as faithful, nor as intelligent, as our canine friend.

The dog knows its owner, and will always make itself comfortable in any place that the owner chooses to take it, provided he is himself there. The cat, on the other hand, will know its owner's house and furniture, attaches itself to them, and seldom troubles itself at all about the presence or absence of its owner; hence the great difficulty of removing cats from one home to another. At times they may be induced to take kindly to new quarters, but very rarely. If Puss be taken to a strange house, it will first of all examine and smell every article of furniture in the rooms it is allowed to enter; if it finds the same things that it has been accustomed to, perhaps the discovery may reconcile it to remain; but if all is strange, the creature exhibits symptoms of positive distress, and will even make efforts to return to the old home; and this may perhaps account for the stories told of Egyptian cats rushing back into blazing houses after they had been once brought out of them with difficulty; for it has been gravely asserted that the Egyptian cats preferred to perish with their homes, when fires broke out, rather than abandon them.

Some years ago a public journal gave an account of a remarkable incident, illustrating in a striking way the sagacity and kindness of a dog; the account had appeared in two other newspapers, but we have not the means of verifying it. A cat named Dick was one day enjoying a meal of scraps, when a needle and thread became entangled in his dinner; the poor animal unconsciously partook of these adjuncts, which stuck in his throat. Carlo, a dog on very friendly terms with Dick, observed that something was wrong, hurried up to him, and seemed to receive some kind of communication from him. The dog and the cat became physician and patient. Carlo commenced operations by licking Dick's neck, the cat holding its head a little aside to give Carlo a fair chance. This licking operation was continued with short intervals of rest for nearly twenty-four hours. Carlo occasionally pausing to press his tongue against his friend's neck, as if trying to find some sharp-pointed instrument thrust from the inside to the outside. At length Carlo was seen, his whole body quivering with excitement, trying to catch something with his teeth. In this he succeeded. Giving a sudden jerk, he pulled the needle through the hide of the cat, where it hung by the thread which still held it from the inside. A by-stander then finished the surgical operation b drawing out the thread; and Carlo looked as if he were saying: "See what I did!"

We have just been told of a very remarkable instance of intelligence displayed by a cat belonging to one of our contributors. After having waited in vain outside a rat's hole for the appearance of the occupant, puss hit upon the plan of "drawing" her prey, by fetching a piece of meat and placing it near the hole as a bait, after which she hid behind a box and waited for results. Whether the bait took or not, we are not informed, but the wily scheme deserved success.

"Last October," says a lady writer, "I was staying a few days with a friend in a small country village not many miles from Edinburgh. One morning I was about to leave my bedroom, and had just opened the window when I saw a large yellow cat wandering about in the grass which surrounded the house. The creature had a timid scared look, as if not much in the habit of associating with human beings. I spoke to it in a tone of encouragement, however; on hearing which it leaped up on the window-sill and began to purr in a friendly way. I told my friend the lady of the house about the cat, when she gave me the following account of it: 'This poor animal belonged to my deceased father. It came to our house a very small kitten, and was accustomed from time to time to receive food from my father's hand, with now and then a little caress or kindly word. But my father was not a cat-fancier, and as a general rule did not take any great notice of the creature. About a year and a half ago my father grew seriously ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, died. During his illness the cat went up and down stairs like a distracted creature, refusing food, and mewing again and again in a mournful way. Sometimes it came into the sick room, and jumped on the bed; but its master was too ill to notice it, and it went away with a disappointed look. When all was over, and the last attentions had been paid to my father, and all was quiet in the death-chamber, the poor cat came in and took up its position on the bed at his feet. From this place nothing would induce the creature to move; and feeling astonished at its fidelity and affection, we let it lie during the day; though strange to say, it manifested a desire to leave the room at night, returning always about nine in the morning, and if the door was shut, mewing till it gained admittance. On the funeral-day, the faithful creature did not seem to understand the absence of its master; it left the room upon the removal of the body; but the first thing we saw when the mourners returned was poor pussie lying at the door of the chamber. 'It was long,' said the lady in conclusion, 'before the affectionate animal recovered its usual sprightliness; and I would not like anything to happen to a creature which has testified such a strong affection for one so dear to me.'"

Another story is as follows: "A cousin of mine had a cat which had just brought into the world some fine healthy kittens. According to the usual custom on these occasions, some of the kittens were drowned, while two were retained for the mother to rear. These were kept in a compartment of an old kitchen-table or 'dresser.' This snug retreat had a little door which was kept closed by means of a bolt. One day a young visitor desired to see the kittens, which were accordingly taken to the drawing-room by one of the daughters of the house. During the absence of the kittens, the cat, which had been in the garden, came into the kitchen, and went as usual to repose beside her little ones. She looked into the dresser, and finding no kittens there 'clashed' the door in a rage, and left the kitchen, her tail thick with indignation. This fact was told me by one of the young ladies of the household, who was busy in the kitchen at the time and saw the whole thing. The cat's furious manner of slamming the door resembled so closely an irate housewife's way of doing so, that my informant was exceedingly amused, and regarded the cat henceforth as a sort of wonder."

OUR BOYS & GIRLS
ANSWERS

DON.

BY JULIA E. TORREY.

One day in the year 1869, the brig Harold, from Cuba, arrived at the port in Philadelphia.

She brought her usual cargo of fruit and sweets, which have been sold, eaten and enjoyed so long ago, that no one ever stops to think now how good the rich Southern fruits tasted, nor do they even remember—if they ever knew—the name of the brig that brought them from over the sea.

But the brig Harold brought, at the same time something that created such an excitement in a family where three merry little girls were blooming, that she will always be held in kind remembrance by every one of them; for they have a portion of that brig's cargo to this very day, enjoying it, delighting in it, and rejoicing in its strength and beauty.

It was something better than fruits and sweets, that so quickly hit against one's "sweet tooth" and get crushed all to pieces; it was a great, big Cuban bloodhound, which was sent to this family, living a few miles out of the city, as a "present that would keep," and grow larger and stronger in the keeping.

He was a baby bloodhound, only six months' old, and was such an immense, savage-looking fellow, notwithstanding the short time he had had to grow in, that the three little girls of the family, upon being introduced to him, did not step forward in their usual pretty way upon being presented to strangers, but instead, looked at him from across the room out of one pair of hazel, one pair of brown, and one pair of blue, shy, timid eyes.

But the dog looked at them as if he were quite pleased to meet them.

He frisked around them in the rollicking way that harmless young dogs are apt to frisk, so that the three little girls felt their fears dropping off of the tips of their fingers, and when Viola, the oldest, exclaimed:

"He is a puppy, if he is a giant!" all three, Viola, Belle, and Bessie, half boldly, half timidly, sent their little hands in a fluttering, petting way, first on his handsome, fawn-colored back, and then, as the dog seemed so happy under the caresses, they were soon fearlessly patting his head and calling him "good fellow."

While the three little girls patted him, the dog wagged his tail as hard as he could; and so the patting and wagging made them all understand that they were to be the best of friends, just as much as if the dog had politely put out his paw to shake hands with his new-found playmates.

He was such a funny acting dog that there was a merry laugh always floating in the air whenever he and these little girls were together.

"It's nice to have a dog around with foreign manners," Bessie declared once, as the great dog climbed up into the red velvet, easy arm-chair, in the sitting-room, looking as proud and serene as any sultan on his divan.

"No plebeian dog of his size would dare to take such liberties, but he knows he is a gentleman dog of true blue blood," proudly spoke the dainty Belle.

"Down, sir, down!" commanded Bessie.

But he only looked up at her as if he thought she had said:

"Take it easy, sir; take it easy!"

"You dear, funny, old fellow! Won't you ever learn to understand English?" she continued.

Then taking him by the forepaws, she pulled at him till he understood that he must descend from his comfortable position; so down he tumbled in his usual awkward way.

He was such an awkward, funny-moving dog, that if folks didn't know that he was a real Spanish gentleman, they never would imagine from his motions that he had sprung from that land of grace.

Poor fellow! the rolling of the ship, and the education the sailors had given him, had made his motions so in keeping with the rocking of a ship, that he found it rather hard to walk gracefully on land, but would roll his body from side to side.

The sailors had taught him to climb a ladder like any old seaman, and he displayed that accomplishment by going up and down stairs in a funny, climbing fashion, that it was quite a sight to see him.

Every time his forepaws stretched out and landed on a stair above in going up, or a stair below in going down, the hind paws would follow closely after, and be firmly stationed on the same stair before the forepaws would venture to the next stair; and that's the way this funny dog went up stairs and down for a long time.

He was very observing, however, and took lessons from the cat in going up and down stairs in the way a landsman should.

The three little girls had put their three little heads together shortly after the arrival of the giant puppy, in order to find a name that would do honor to his royal Highness.

The greatest number of names kept rolling off of the tips of their tongues, but none of them lighted on the head of his majesty until Viola's tongue rolled out in grand tones: "Don Cæsar!" While "Pedro!" slipped off of Belle's, just as Bessie was tucking a "de Bezan" on to the "Don Cæsar."

Such a jumble of sound as it made! It must have sounded like Spanish to the giant puppy, for he jumped around in high glee as if his mother tongue had been sounded in his ear.

"The giant puppy's pleased now," exclaimed Viola; "but I wonder which name suits him best! Do you want to be called Don Cæsar?" patting him on the head.

The giant puppy answered by wagging out a "yes" with his tail.

"Do you like Pedro?" questioned Belle, hoping the wag would be more emphatic.

But the tail wagged just about as pleased as before.

"De Bezan can't stand alone! It's got to be fitted on to something to sound right," exclaimed Bessie. "S'pose we give him the whole string?"

"We will," declared Viola, with a decided nod of her pretty curly head.

"Mine comes first, then Belle's, then yours, Bessie. Now—Don Cæsar!"

"Pedro!"

"De Bezan!"

"De la younkers!" added their papa, who had been an amused listener at this christening. "That means," explained he, "of the little ones. So now you've got a grand name, old fellow. I wonder if I can get it all off without stumbling. Listen, sir," giving the giant puppy's ear a pinch to attract his attention; "you are henceforth to be known to the world as 'Don Cæsar Pedro de Bezan de la Younkers!'"

There was just enough Spanish mixed up in the name to catch the ear of the dog, so he almost wagged his tail off with delight.

The giant puppy had not yet learned English, not having acquainted himself with that language before coming to this country. All the conversation he had thus far heard conveyed as little meaning to him as did the roaring of the ocean on his trip over.

The three little girls drilled their tongues till they could rattle off quite smoothly and rapidly the wonderfully long name of their wonderfully long giant puppy.

Don Cæsar Pedro de Bezan de la Younkers proved to be too much of a name when the three little girls were in a hurry for his Highness to join them.

"It takes half a day for his whole name to reach him. Let's chip it down to Don," Bessie said one day.

And so the title of nobility was chipped, and seldom all the streamers of his name floated about, except on those formal occasions, when he was introduced to strangers.

Don was very warm-hearted, and became as fond of the three little girls as they were of him.

He was their proud gallant, and followed them wherever they went, keeping one eye on them, and one on the ground-moles and other live objects of interest that so tickled his fancy in their rambles about the country and through the woods.

One day the papa of the three little girls called Don to catch a great rat, that had been taking liberties in the pantry.

"Catch him, Don!" he cried.

Don instantly looked knowing. With a rush and a pounce into a corner, a dive of his head downward, then up again it came, with the thief locked up between his sharp teeth.

But not liking the smell of his ratship, Don dropped him and snivelling his nose up into a hundred wrinkles, looked up at his master and said as plainly as looks could say:

"I don't like to touch the fellow."

But his master's encouraging:

"Good fellow! Catch him, Don! Eat him up!" induced Don to bravely lay aside his personal dislike and do his master's bidding—all but the eating.

Showing his disgust at the operation in funny snivellings up of his nose, Don pounced upon the doomed rat, gave it a snap and a shake, let it go, and kept pouncing, snapping, shaking, and letting go, each time with a disgusted snivel of his nose, until the rat was pounced, snapped and shaken out of its very existence.

Don received a word of praise and approving pat from the papa, mamma, and three little girls, and so felt very much like a hero for the rest of that day.

A few days after the rat fight, Don came bounding up to Viola, who was playing on the lawn, and wiggled himself almost out of his skin, wagging his tail as if he were full of news that he was trying to wag out, and expressed so much delight that Viola wondered what it was that tickled him so much.

Don would run a few steps from her, bark, as much as to say, "Come!" then run back toward her again.

At last he caught her dress in his mouth and commenced pulling her along with him.

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed Viola; "you want me to go some place with you, do you, old fellow?"

Don seemed quite delighted to think he had made her understand.

He bounded forward, stopping every few minutes to look back, and would bark joyfully upon seeing that Viola was skipping on after him.

Soon he seemed to be playing hide and seek, for he hid behind one of the large flowering shrubs, but the next instant he darted back again towards Viola, holding his head up in a very proud way, wagging his tail harder than he had ever wagged it before, it seemed to her, and with something hanging out of his mouth.

Viola ran towards him. What was her surprise and delight to find one wee little rabbit hanging down from each corner of his great, big mouth, and one from the middle. Such funny wet little rabbits—that were still alive—that Don actually winked out of one eye, as if he wanted to say:

"I knew you'd be glad, younkers!"

The three little girls each took one of the rabbits in her gentle, little hands, and carried them to the kitchen.

There they wrapped them up in nice warm flannels, for Don's great, moist mouth had wet them through to the skin, and made them feel uncomfortably damp.

When they were dried, warmed, and had recovered from the fright of their capture, the three little girls warmed a cup of milk and fed the three little rabbits out of a teaspoon.

James, the hired man, made them a little house to live in, and so the three little rabbits lived in a little house, within a big house, for nearly a week, and had three little maids to wait upon them, and make them feel comfortable and happy.

Then the little house was carried outdoors. The first night the rabbits were to spend there, the three little girls came out about dusk, peeped in at them, hoped they would like it better there than in the hot kitchen, and then bade them good night, wishing them pleasant dreams, and wondering what would be pleasant dreams for little rabbits to have.

In the morning, when the three little girls visited the little house of the three little rabbits to enquire how they had spent the night, they found no bright-eyed little pets waiting to nibble out of their hands; for in the darkness and dread of the night, the dear, little rabbits had disappeared.

They had not ungratefully ran away from their kind little waiting maids. Some cruel, blood-thirsty animal had made a midnight feast of them, and left just one poor, little, bloody head to tell the tale of woe.

The three little girls felt so badly about the sad end of their cunning little rabbits, that Don made up his mind to make them a present of three more little rabbits, just as soon as he could hunt them up.

Good, generous Don Cæsar Pedro de Bezan de la Younkers.

* * *

PEOPLE who are always talking sentiment commonly have no very deep feeling. The less water you have in your pot, the sooner does it begin to make much noise and smoke.

LITTLE MARY

Or the Boot-black's Sunday School.

BY ALICE.

In 1868, little Mary found herself reciting pretty moral, and religious stories to the scholars of the Boot-black's Sunday School, then held at the Old Court Room, on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

She opened wide her eyes at first, at their seeming utter want of law and order; but, in a short time, she ceased to be surprised at any demonstration whatever on their part in Sunday School, and began to look with interest for any new development of their peculiarities. They came into school, many of them, with blacking-box slung on the shoulder, paying but little attention to their toilet. When once in the school, the door was sometimes locked to keep them in; and one would be puzzled to see how it was that well filled classes often vanished, if he did not watch closely and observe the little fellows (blacking box and all) one at a time, slyly and with agility, climbing to the high window to disappear like flies crawling up a tumbler of sweets and disappearing over the top.

These boys would join in the singing with much earnestness and energy, thereby sometimes nearly drowning the voice of the leader, as well as the softer notes of the organ. They would attentively listen to the remarks of the many clergymen and other noble persons that came to address them, and often in the midst of these addresses, would openly and emphatically express their ideas of the subject.

A worthy divine, one Sunday, said to them, "I am now going to tell you what I saw down at Moyamensing Prison."

"Oh yes; thought I seen ye there," a boot black answered.

The gentleman undisturbed continued talking, and soon remarked: "My boy, you see that you must do just as you desire to be done by." Another voice from among the scholars replied, "Show us the animal that does that," then came a voice from another corner, "Yes fetch him out and we'll take him to Barnum;" but the good man went quietly on, by and by making the remark, "Remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath," when still another voice called out, "'Twont work, Deacon, that team wont work." Yet these boys came in of their own free will, and really seemed to be pleased with the addresses.

One Sunday one of the boot-blacks threateningly raised a chair at the superintendent, and, for a few seconds, it seemed as if the evil one had taken possession of some of them; but a policeman suddenly appeared on the spot like Hamlet's Ghost. His presence was as oil on troubled waters, for all was soon quiet again.

Little Mary was then called on for a recitation which began:

"A penny, oh! for charity;
A penny, give I pray
I have not had a crumb to eat,
All the long weary day."

"Here's a penny, sis," said one, while another held up a cracker; but little Mary went quietly on to the end, just as the previous speakers had done. They seldom, however, interfered with her recitations, and, whenever she chanced to be absent, two or three of these little fellows would be at the door of her dwelling, which was within sight of the school, asking a promise of his father to bring her out to speak to them.

At one time, when the superintendent gave silver medals to those who deserved them, several of the scholars requested him to present one to little Mary.

Immediately some of them began testing these beautiful medals with their jack-knives, endeavoring to ascertain the quality of the metal; while others seemed to understand that the object of giving the medals was to recommend them to worthy notice, or to aid them in taking one step upward.

One Sunday I missed a light-haired blue-eyed little fellow, who, oddly enough, often came with a geranium leaf in his button-hole, and whose attendance had been quite regular. I judged that he had some kind of a home, for I heard him tell "Shaky" that he slept on the roof, and that it was a jolly place to sleep on a hot night.

He seemed like a child that would naturally prefer to walk in the right way; but in a day or two after missing him from school I saw from my chamber window the van pass, and had reason to think that little Geranium leaf or "Whitie," was within, and was sure of this when I heard "Curly" call out:

"How long are you in for, Whitie?"

Quick the small hand was held up, displaying three fingers, I suppose meaning three weeks.

I then knew he had been led into temptation, or, like "Dog Tray," had been found in the company of those who had.

I well remember "Curly," a dark, curly-headed fellow, eight years of age, with eyes small and piercing, like black, shiny glass beads; and I learned from a lady visitor at the school that he was the main support of a family consisting of his mother and two little sisters. He was employed in selling papers as well as in blacking boots. He always came to school looking quite clean and neat.

One Sunday I overheard a policeman speak to a lady about little "Knotty." So little was he that he looked as if he ought to be rocked to sleep at night in loving arms; yet this policeman had found him the night previous, curled up, fast asleep in a packing-box on the sidewalk.

The lady exclaimed:

"Has that tiny bit of humanity no home?"

"If he has," said the policeman, "it evidently has not attractions enough to draw him to it."

Indeed, diminutive as he was, he had a very decided, determined look about him; and I remember a hump or bend of his nose, that seemed somehow to say even then, "Stand aside, I ask neither pity nor favor!"

These boot-blacks treated their little speaker at all times with great respect. One day when she was walking past the State House with her mother, one little boot-black remarked to another in a matter-of-fact way, just as she passed him:

"Say, Tony, there goes our minister."

And indeed little Mary felt that her mission among them was a sacred one, and she looks back to day at that year spent in their Sunday school, with pleasure and satisfaction, for never a disrespectful word has she to remember from any of those little boot blacks; and may we not hope that some truths were received by them at that Sunday school that will continue to lead the soul upward and onward!

Some of these boys have now become a power in the land, helping to wield this government. Self-reliant all, and talented many of them are, and doubtless from their hearts they now give honor and glory to those who have aided in their elevation.

FEMININITIES.

"It is time for reflection, as the girl said to her glass.

Conversation in society is forbidden to Turkish ladies.

In the Japanese religion the first human being born on earth was a woman.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

A young man indignantly broke off an engagement because his girl named a pet calf after him.

Why are old maids the most charming of all people? Because they are always matchless.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies believe in a man in the honeymoon.

As a rule, one good brisk wife, who takes a pride in her mission, is equal to six high-pressure telephones.

Miss Lovely says males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as babies till they begin kissing them again as lovers.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage least concerns other people; yet of all the actions of his life it is most meddled with.

It is said of the French ladies that their fondness for effect runs to such excess that widows practise attitudes of despair before a glass.

"What carrot-headed little urchin is that, madam?" "Why, he is my youngest son!" "You don't say so! What a dear, little, sweet, dove eyed cherub!"

The keramic fever is raging to such an extent that a baldheaded man, who fell asleep at a party, had his head covered with Greek goddesses before he was awakened.

The Common Enemy.

In order to make headway against the common enemy, Disease, it is necessary to oppose him with persistence. It very frequently happens that a remedy perfectly adequate to the necessities of the case, if persisted in, is condemned and thrown aside because a few doses of it do not cure a malady. How unreasonable and unjust would such a judgment be regarding Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the most popular and highly sanctioned medicines of the day, a potent invigorant and an invariably successful remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, incipient rheumatism and gout, inactivity and weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and for the infirmities incident to the decline of life. No fact is better established than the above; yet in order to experience its truth, those afflicted with obstinate forms of disease should give this benignant curative a patient trial. If they do, they may rely upon decisive curative results.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

SETTING OUT TREES.—Spring is by far the best season for setting out fruit trees, strawberries, currants, raspberries, asparagus, and all permanent plantations intended to remain for years. Every moment is now of value to those who wish to grow good fruit in after years.

FRENCH AGRICULTURE.—The French government, realizing that national and individual prosperity are dependent upon the development of agriculture, have introduced a bill in the senate making it obligatory to teach the elements of agriculture and horticulture in the 30,000 primary schools of the nation.

A FLOWER GARDEN.—There is no difficulty in having a flower garden. A few moments each day will keep it in order, if not too large; and even a few square feet of land planted with a good selection of flowers, all of which can be secured at trifling cost, will give flowers every day from early spring until late autumn, and will be a constant source of pleasure.

FISHES ON FARMS.—Any farmer that has a small pond or lake on his farm, or a never-failing spring so situated that by damming up the gully or hollow below it a pond may be formed, may make an acre or two thus located the most profitable part of his premises by stocking the water with fish. This can now be done with little expense through state fish commissioners.

ORCHARD CROPS.—A writer in the *Practical Farmer* says that he kept his young orchard well cultivated with hoed crops for several years. They grew eighteen inches to two feet in a season. Only one tree died. A neighbor set out an orchard at the same time and seeded it to grass. In three years one-third of the trees were dead, and those which lived grew only from two to six inches in a year. This is about the usual experience.

GO FOR THEM!—About this time, and for a few weeks to come, look out for and destroy the webs and nests of worms in your fruit trees. It is the stitch in time that saves nine—hundred! Black knot on young trees invite the pruning knife. The little insects that scale up the bark may be disposed of, according to some authorities, by washing the bodies of the trees with strong lye and sulphur, or salt brine, or whitewash.

BEDDING PLANTS.—In bedding out flowering plants give them room enough. Some people seem to forget that a plant grows up, or spreads, or runs, as its nature may be. Nothing is more aggravating than to see a poor, puzzled verbena standing straight up, not knowing which way to turn to get a foothold, or other flowers so cramped for room that they won't bloom, for fear of crowding their neighbors.

INSECTS ON PLANTS.—Referring to the destruction of insects on plants a correspondent writes as follows: I placed the tallest plants in the middle of the stand, and into them stuck four or five thin sticks, eight or nine inches taller than the plants; at evening an old sheet was thrown over the whole, so that the edge of the sheet was in contact with the outer row of pots. Early in the morning, before the fires were started or the sun shone, the sheet was quickly removed and gathered up, so that none of the captives could spin down, creep out, or fly away; the quantity and variety of insects secured was surprising. This experiment repeated five or six times cleared my plants of vermin completely.

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BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor, Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

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50 Mixed Cards with name, in case, 13c. 25 gold 10c. Outfit 10c. Electro Card Co., Northford, Conn.

40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING cards; no two alike, with your name on them all, for only 10 cts. STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

25 ELEGANT CARDS, with name, 20c. 25 Extra Mixed, 10c. Geo. L. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 BEST CARDS, no two alike, printed in Crimson or Jet, 13c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

AGENTS Wanted to sell our WATCHES, NOVELTIES, etc. $12 WATCH FREE. Outfit Free. G. M. HANSON & CO., Chicago, Ill.

25 ELEGANT Cards, (25 styles) or 40 Fine Mixed, with name 10c. Helen Read & Co. New Haven, Conn.

50 BEST Mixed Cards, with name, in case, 13c., or 25 no 2 alike, 10c. Outfit 10c. Dowd & Co., Bristol, Ct.

25 STYLES OF CARDS, with name in gold, 10 cts. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

DIVORCES, in any State, without publicity. Send stamp for the law. G. R. Sims, Chicago, Ill.

25 5-PLY CARDS, all styles with name, 10 cents post-paid. J. W. Brockway, Wilson, N. Y.

IT IS OUT OF THE QUESTION
—FOR—
CLOTHING
To Be Made . . . Better than We Make It.
To Be Cut . . . . Better than We Cut It.
To Be Sold . . . . Cheaper than We Sell It.

THE PEOPLE KNOW The Immense Stock We Always Have.
THE PEOPLE KNOW Our Distinct Purpose to Please.
THE PEOPLE KNOW The System of Business Originated by this Firm:

One Price, and that in Plain Figures. Giving the Guarantee. | No One Obliged to Keep Goods. Cash in Full Returned.

We Have at the Present Time TEN Times as Many Goods to Show as can be seen in any one store in this City.

☞ TEN TIMES THE STOCK.
☞ THREE TIMES THE HANDS EMPLOYED.
☞ TWENTY PER CENT. THE CHEAPEST.
☞ THOROUGH SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Our Goods Will Sustain All We Say About Them.

The Boys' Goods are on First Floor, and the Large and Rapid Sales Keep the Stock Fresh all the While.

The expenses of so large a business allow very small profits, and we confess we believe in SMALL PROFITS AND VERY LARGE SALES.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL.
The Largest and Best Clothing House in America,
S. E. CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE SWALLOW AND THE PINE.

Deep in a forest grey and old,
There grew a pine-tree young and fair;
Sweet was the twilight's green and gold,
And sweet the song-birds fluting there.
And as they sang and soared o'erhead
The pine-tree shook its leaves and said:
"O swallow! O to fly with thee
To lands of light beyond the sea!"

They cut the stately pine-tree down,
They made the gallant ship a mast.
The anchor's weighed! Fast fades the town!
To distant lands the ship flew fast.
The swallow passed her plunging by,
And heard the pine-mast moan and cry:
"O swallow! O once more to be
In that dear forest-home with thee!"

The land was bright with bud and leaf,
The swallow found her old green home;
The ship was wrecked upon a reef,
Lost! lost! in storm and angry foam.
The pine-mast floated, torn and spent,
Too late it mourned its discontent;
"Ah, me! my forest green and wide!
Ah, happy home!" it moaned, and—died!

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM,

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

IV.

MRS. ROYER'S DOMAIN.

A shaded lane not ten miles from the great noisy city, flanked by deep hedging of the richest green, and tall and tropical-looking catalpas, sweet smelling woodbine and thickets of Virginia creeper, that made the cool road a fragrant passage-way between hot, sunny breaths of meadow and lawn, the intermittent chirp of grasshoppers, the flute-like note of the wood robin to break the silence, or afar off over and anon the whoop of the passing train.

Such were the peaceful environs of Brookwood. One could not see the house for the trees—first a row of evergreens, then a cluster of ancient walnut and oak, which had witnessed aboriginal camp fires and the comedy and tragedy of savage life; but a turn in the broad carriage-road passing through the high stone, bower-crested wall, at length reveals a habitation characterized by high gables, a roof full of quaint chimneys, and a suggestion of hospitality within the mossy stone walls.

This is the mansion, and here is Mrs. Royer's domain, and to-day she proposes to have about her the *elite* of the neighborhood so sensitive upon questions of caste, so retiring, so hermit like and so aristocratic.

It is here in this mystic garden redolent of all the sweetest perfumes and dazzling with its many-colored flower beds, that Mrs. Royer intends to celebrate her birthday by a garden party; and it is to be a festival of high gentility, a converzatione to be honored by a select circle of culture, wit and fashion. Mrs. Royer has such delicate instincts respecting her society, and such a horror of the intermingling of circles.

It is not long before this hitherto quiet lane is full of carriages and champing horses, and there is quite a little rabble of the curious standing gossiping in the lane, and watching the people coming in glittering equipages, and dressed in the latest styles—as if a queen were to be honored on this eventful day.

The interior of this Royer mansion was in keeping with its superb surroundings. In the cool dusk of the drawing room, where the furniture, wrapped in its summer mantle of muslin, glared as coldly as the marble statues about the corners, where the the pictures, in their webs of fly protecting gauze, and the bric-a-brac on the mantels, seemed shadowy, and yet replete with a picturesque grey harmony. In this group of accessories, and with this background, silent and alone, sat Mrs. Royer, clad in white Swiss, and she was the incarnation of the tragic muse as she sat there in the large *fauteuil*, her head upon her hand, and her eyes dreamily, sadly gazing at a vague portrait upon the wall opposite her—the picture of her husband.

A magnificent woman was Mrs. Royer, her pale, perfect face gleaming out from the dusk of its background with almost a splendor. The clear cut of the features, Hellenic in pose and mould, the great dark eyes, that seemed darker than they were by the contrast of white face and white toilette, the majestic figure, the litheness and the sinewy suggestiveness of the tigress, the hair, deep black, in studied negligé, like the raven's wing, falling back in a single beautiful braid, and her lips that were at times tremulous, as if with emotion, and at other times, mere cruel lines that could utter never words of mercy. She was beautiful in repose, but at the sound of the first carriage wheels upon the outside gravel walk, she arose, and she was thrice idealized, for color came into the white face at first, as though a stain of crimson had fixed itself indelibly in her cheek, but afterwards suffusing itself till the whole face became warm and less statuesque.

Mrs. Royer moved to meet her first visitors.

From the carriage, evidently a hired one, which drove up to the veranda, emerged a slim gentleman, whose face wore an expression of pain even when he laughed, or rather smiled, and he assisted to descend from the vehicle a portly lady, who seemed his senior by many years. These personages were Mr. and Mrs. Gaddolop, near neighbors and great friends, and confidants of the Royer domain.

"Delighted to see you, I must say!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaddolop, running at Mrs. Royer and touching her hand with more percussion than grace. "How well you do look, my dear!"

Mr. Gaddolop stood hat in hand meekly back of madame, and merely bowed towards Mrs. Royer, who wore a faint, not to say a sickly smile, during all this greeting.

"I'm glad to find you first," she said, "come in—it is so warm, and I fear there will be no breeze this evening."

"Dear me! Are we the first?" exclaimed Mrs. Gaddolop. "Do not say that! Why, the cards said four precisely, and it's nearly five, I declare."

"There are a number of carriages coming up now," responded Mrs. Royer with an air of disdain.

As she spoke, two or three carriages stopped near the door, and in a moment she found herself in quite an animated circle of chatterers, both male and female. Mrs. Bottolf, the rich widow from the city; Mr. and Mrs. Fledgling, bride and groom; Mr. Roberts, the cynical bachelor, who moved in society to exhibit his startling satire, and sneer at humanity; Mr. Gustavus Podgood, the wit, and his sister, Miss Ella, who was such a perfect musician.

Then came more carriages and more people, and the liveried servants grew thicker, and the crowd became greater, and there was everywhere the signs of life and liveliness.

Then the musicians came. Half a dozen weazen-visaged artists with violin boxes and green bags, and they disappeared behind a clump of trees back of the house, and spent a good interval in smoking bad cigars before they ventured upon the overture to *Il Barbiere*. Then the advent of gay toilettes, and of dress coats made chatter and laughter expand into a roar under the stimulus of the music, and the garden party looked as if it were already a success.

There was a great flutter among the guests, and Mrs. Royer seemed to have been re-animated by a species of dulcet and delicate electricity, for she was at once suave and brilliant, effervescent with animal spirits, and as dignified as Diana. She said:

"Mr. Podgood is here—he will favor us with some fine recitations, and will do his best to amuse us. Oh! he is a prince at entertainments!"

So Mr. Podgood, looking like a lambkin in a claw-hammer coat and white necktie, took upon himself the office of special entertainer, and as he stood on the lawn hemming and hawing, many of the gentle folks present wished an earthquake would swallow him, or that some officer of the law might interfere, he was so utterly noxious. But when he announced the chilling fact that he would recite an original poem, there was quite a sensation among his audience; and yet they courteously tolerated him, and he proceeded with the reading of a paper called "Stanzas," as follows:

"When the even cometh in grayling,
And the purple tints of day grow ashen,
And skies wane sombre and paling
With the vanishing day's last passion,
Then from the deeps that are folded
In the mystic spaces of spaces,
Comes up the moon with its gold head,
And its silvery finger traces——"

At this juncture the audience gradually grew thin, and at length dispersed altogether, leaving the poet and the wit master of the field, literally, for really he was in more than one sense victor.

The party broke into knots, and the conversation broke out like a series of platoon firing.

Mrs. Royer moved over towards a portly gentleman in a shabby dress-coat, and wearing a dignified and somewhat injured expression even on this occasion. Mrs. Royer's face lost its vivacity and color as she approached this personage. It was her husband.

Mr. Adolph Royer was always thinking of business. The gaiety of a party like the present seemed only to emphasize his ideas of the shop, and he never mingled with anything like satisfaction, apparently, in any such gathering as the present. He was one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, and was proud of his business. In fact, it was his life. He was not avaricious, nor niggardly in any respect. He idolized his wife and three children, and was a man highly respected everywhere; but he possessed the unfortunate American mania of business—business, until he cared for nothing else—could not be happy in any other sphere, and hence when in the midst of a splendid garden party, was as solemn and chilling as possible, for he hardly relished the idea that he had come off an hour sooner from the shop, to waste time amid the frippery of fashion.

The three children of this Royer household, were Mattie, a lovely young blonde of eighteen; Effie, aged nine, and Joseph seven. Mattie was present at this entertainment, clad in one of the most stylish toilettes on the place, and it was a singular fact that her own mother seemed jealous of her as she meandered the garden walks, the queen of a quartette of young men. The other children were absent in the city.

Mrs. Royer became separated from her guests for the nonce by two circumstances—first, the increasing number of visitors forced her from one group to another, and at length these groups intermingling, as was natural among friends on a festive occasion, she was left for a moment wholly unattended, and then her husband called her.

This summons was prompted by a desire on the part of Mr. Royer to absent himself from the party on the ground that he had to look at some letters in his counting-room which he felt certain had arrived in the last mail, and which were very important, and needed immediate attention.

"Surely you will not be so rude as to absent yourself now!" exclaimed the lady of the house.

"Business, my dear—business, you know."

"Pah! Mr. Royer!" she returned with a disdainful and cold look in the calm eyes, to her lord, "you are mad on that topic. Remember this is a festival day, and we must celebrate it."

"I'll be right back, my dear."

"Go then!" she answered, walking slowly down the gravel walk to rejoin her guests.

Her husband took the permission graciously allowed him—retired, and was seen no more that evening.

The next half hour of gaiety was not to be described. It was for the most part a comedy, in which Mr. and Mrs. Gaddolop were chorus. Mrs. Gaddolop especially recalling antique manners and customs, fashions and pleasures so superior to the present giddy enjoyments of youth, that nobody listened to them, so that Mr. Roberts, the cynical bachelor, and Mr. Gustavus Podgood, the wit, had the field all to themselves, while Mr. Podgood's sister, Miss Ella, a good-natured girl, and attracted quite an audience around her in the parlor by her piano renditions and singing.

Mrs. Royer, in the course of her perpatetics, came upon her primal visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Gaddolop, and she sat down near a scarlet marquee on the lawn, in which some of the younger guests were playing at "speculation" and "old maid," and she formed one of the trio with the Gaddolop people.

"Dear me, what a host of friends you have, Mrs. Royer!" said the meek Mr. Gaddolop with a smirk.

"Quite a number. Some of them friends of friends! I know, I am sorry to say not half of them. To tell you the truth, my dear Mrs. Gaddolop, I am afraid I'm so good-natured that I'm constantly being imposed upon. I feel very sad to-night—very sad."

"Sad!" echoed the portly, sprightly Mrs. Gaddolop, striking Mrs. Royer on the arm with her folded fan. "Naughty, naughty! Why I declare everything is the soul of enjoyment here. Listen to the music! Hear the laughter! What a droll young gentleman is that Mr. Podgood; he is really too amusing."

"Do you think so?" answered Mrs. Royer musingly.

In a large pavillion spread near the edge of a small copse, was to be held the banquet. This was to be served at sundown—that is when the twilight rendered everything obscure enough to require lamp light for revelation. Towards half-past seven the pavillion was quite brilliant with illumination, and the crowd wended their way towards a new scene. Here upon long tables was spread a most magnificent repast, and while the eager and too often unmannerly throng were pushing and squeezing for entrance, the musicians played a number of marches, and when they had finished, the tumult in the tent was more like a hot contest than a revelry.

The lady of the domain presided at the head of the table, and she at once in the glare of this artificial light, grew merry, and her eyes shone, and her complexion warmed.

"That young gentleman, Mr. Podgood," she said to a friend near at hand, "is doing his best to make matters cheerful. What would we do without him?"

In fact, the poet and wit was using his best moments for the people's pleasure. Hurrying hither and thither with ices, salads, etc., assisting the waiters, cracking jokes, and spilling occasionally, and accidentally, a platful of some dainty into somebody's lap, with the cool remark, "you have drawn a prize, I see. There are no blanks in the lottery." Whereat everybody laughed except the victim, who thought Podgood a most lamentable failure.

Mrs. Royer was mistress of this festival. On her right sat her beautiful daughter Mattie; on her left, her friend in need, Mrs. Gaddolop. Mrs. Royer was ever on the alert to please her guests. No lady understood more perfectly, more delicately the suave requirements of etiquette. Her many servants were under her eye, as soldiers in the presence of a great general. Chaos finally harmonized itself into convivial order, and at length in the intervals of the supper, things had "improved" so considerably that even the musicians outside on the lawn could be heard distinctly.

And now all was pleasantness and peace finally, save the irrepressible murmur of talk here and there, and every guest seemed happy, and the high caste of Mrs. Royer's ideal seemed to be realized, when Mr. Podgood arose and proposed a toast: "The gracious hostess—Mrs. Royer—may she be spared to repeat this affair often and often."

Everybody laughed.

Podgood's slender intellect had been unbalanced by the claret punch, and Podgood's toast was roared down.

It was at this juncture when the guests were again precipitated into chaos by the *malapropos* speech of the wit, and a babble and laughter ensued which were indescribable, and Mrs. Royer was laughing her merriest, and looking her happiest, that George, a colored servitor of the household, approached her and said:

"There's an old man out there who wishes to see madam."

"Poor old fellow!" said Mrs. Royer, with a laugh, "a beggar I suppose. I am worn to death with beggars."

"No, madam," responded the servant, "he is a queer looking old man, and he talks like an educated one, and he told me he must see you right away."

"Here, George," answered Mrs. Royer, putting in the servant's hand a coin, "let him have this, and if he is hungry give him something to eat, but do not disturb me any more with such vagabonds. That is all," she added, as the servant, looking at the gold piece in his hand, stared somewhat audaciously at his mistress in a species of wonder, and then said:

"He wishes to see you, madam."

"What is his errand?"

"I do not know madam. He is very old and feeble. He says he must see you and ask you questions. He says his business is very important."

"Yes, yes! Well, give him the money, George, and tell him to go. I am worried to death every day by such tramps. This comes of living out of town."

"You will not see him then, madam?" asked the servant.

"Of course not. Now go."

The servant disappeared, but almost immediately returned.

The servant again.

"The old man won't go. He says he isn't hungry nor thirsty, and doesn't want money either, but he wants his child, madam. His lost child! He wants to speak to you, madam."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Mrs. Royer, "is it possible that I am to be compelled to leave this entertainment on such an errand. It is preposterous. Tell him to wait, George, and I will see him in a few minutes. Let him sit in the kitchen. I will ring when I am ready."

"All right, madam."

As the servant again disappeared, Mrs. Royer thought to herself, "what in the world is this? Who can this beggar be? It is not the first time I have had to interest myself in poor people. Bother poor people. They're a drag upon us."

George came running up to her at this moment, exclaiming:

"He says he will see you, and he followed me out. He says nothing in heaven or on earth will prevent him from seeing you."

"Why, this is most absurd," said Mrs. Royer, rising and speaking to her servant vehemently. "What do you mean by this conduct? Am I to be interrupted in my privacy by a beggar? I declare I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"I cannot help it, madam," pleaded the servant.

Mrs. Royer left the table, and motioned to her servant to follow her. She went over to the edge of the opening of the pavillion curtain, looking out upon the grounds.

And George followed her.

"I do not understand this disturbance. It is your place to drive such creatures away. Please tell me what this old fool wants."

"Indeed I know not, madam. He followed me here, and I think he is crazy; but I couldn't get rid of him unless I used force, and I didn't like to do that."

"No, no. Well, go out now and get him away. He is perhaps some imposter whose story he would like me to listen to. I cannot be bothered with him, especially to-night."

Everybody wondered what ailed Mrs. Royer, when they saw her rise and speak to the servant. But just as George turned to leave the place there was a commotion at the other end of the pavillion. A voice was heard crying:

"I will come in—I will see her!"

The gentlemen laughed.

The ladies screamed.

All were astonished at the sudden turn in affairs.

"The man is mad!" said a gentleman.

Half-a-dozen of the guests were busy endeavoring to drive the intruder away.

"Put him out!" cried one.

Mrs. Royer looked alarmed—astounded. She could not comprehend the disturbance any more than her guests. "He is evidently intoxicated, or has mistaken the place," she thought.

There was the wild old man pushing his way through the assemblage, crying:

"My daughter—I must and will see her! Where is she? My daughter Carrie, Carrie—where is she?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The month of May generally inaugurates the most definite and decided styles which are to guide us through the intricacies of dress during the Summer season. The ever-versatile dame seems to derive fresh inspiration from the warm sunshine which promises long, bright Summer days, when her fantasies of beauty are seen in full glory, and like Nature, which is blossoming every day with greater beauty and variety in her charms, we have every day some fresh attractions to add to the list of Fashion's charms.

I cannot omit a further allusion to the short costume which for the present has quite a popularity. The French Exposition has made it a necessity among the fair votaries of Fashion, and as French skill and taste can invest everything with some charm which disguises its imperfections, we may expect to receive such charming models for short costumes as to entirely remove that prejudice and opposing opinion of many who consider the short dress as deficient in style.

A short costume lately designed by a skilled modiste was certainly pretty enough to attain some popularity for itself. Made of a soft gray diagonal serge, the front of the skirt was covered with narrow Vandyked frills, and under the frills a pleating of black and white striped foulard or silk; the pleating appearing between each point, which produced a very unique effect. The polonaise opened over a striped vest, the revers collar and cuffs being also of the striped silk.

Although we have the difference in the length of dresses, there is but little difference in the general style of trimming, and we see the same complications of garniture and variety of flowers which represent the polonaise or drapery, as have been familiar to us during the past season. But few of the imported costumes have an entirely separate skirt, for the trimming is so arranged as to render it unnecessary except at the bottom of the dress. The polonaise falls over this simulated or real skirt, but the former has become so long as to rather suggest its approaching disappearance, or merging into the one long skirt or Gabrielle as it was formerly termed, the bottom being then trimmed to simulate the second skirt. In its other varieties of form the polonaise may also represent a very large corsage in front, with ends only on the sides and back; or these ends are only on the sides and not in the back nor in the front; these ends are then surrounded on the bottom and sides by the trimming on the skirt, and have the appearance of side panels.

I have seen recently some very stylish costumes of black Spanish blond lace, others of black cashmere trimmed with Spanish lace and loops and ends of black satin ribbon. The corsage, which is in the form of a coat, opens over a vest of colored silk.

While discussing black costumes, I may mention another which was very pleasing, and made of a new material resembling fine Sicilienne, but as light as gauze. It is made up into a long polonaise, with pleats in the back and trimmed with ruches of lace mingled with small jet ornaments. A double ruche of lace and jet extends up each side of the polonaise, which is caught together with small jet ornaments. This polonaise is worn over a black silk skirt, trimmed with pleatings of the gauze. A scarf mantelet of the gauze, edged with lace, may be added as a wrap.

I have noticed several effective costumes in which the polonaise opened in front over a plain silk skirt, which will be a popular model for cambric dresses. A very pretty design made in this style was ecru cambric or batiste open in front, showing the underskirt of pale blue silk, which was striped perpendicularly with ecru embroidered bands.

To combine with plain gros grain, our modistes use the spotted silks and those with stripes already described. The spotted silks are all of one shade, with small oblong figures brocaded in them; these are new for black silk costumes and for evening silks of pale tints. Others have stripes of satin an inch wide alternating with heavily repped silk stripes of the same width, and may be all of one color, but are often in contrasts, as mastic gray satin with beige silk stripes, or cream with myrtle green, or pale blue with olive. When brocades are used for very rich dresses they are of small figures with delicate grounds, as pearl gray with tiny buds of blue and green, or else quaintly-colored stripes, separate small vines, or clusters of flowers. There are also very soft silks with open lace-like stripes separated by threads of contrasting hues in Pompadour colors. All these materials are used merely for parts of dresses—never for an entire costume.

Black silk dresses for the house are made with basques and demi-trained flowing skirts, with parts made of the new spotted silk, and by way of brightening up the dress the gay wide brocaded belts are added to the plainest toilette. Blouse fronts gathered across are put in many of these basques, while others are merely round waists, cut off at the waist line, finished by a wide belt and cut square in the neck. The back is a square basque simply piped, and the belt begins in the seams under the arms. The spotted silk appears in a bias collar that descends low on the breast around the square opening, and forms the lower half of the tightly fitted coat sleeves. On the skirt the figured silk extends straight down the front about a quarter of a yard in breadth. When the kilt-pleated sides of plain silk are set in next the figured part, they are crossed by wide panels of spotted silk edged with fringe. The back has three flowing breadths for a train edged with narrow knife-pleating. Other black dresses have pleatings of black satin down the sides and on the train, also a large satin knot at the throat and on the back of the basque, which has seams extending below the waist, in Marguerite style. Some have the front of the basque ornamented with shirred satin pieces that give a blouse effect. Still others have vests and short aprons, or else scarfs of figured grenadine. Very small fichus of the same grenadine, only large enough to cover the shoulders, are imported ready made to wear with such dresses.

Belted habit basques are among the most popular for dresses of various materials, silks, woolen fabrics and white muslin. Many are cut off at the waist line in front, and the belt is very wide, measuring from three to four inches at the sides, where it is sewed in. If made of folds of silk, the belt tapers narrower toward the middle, where a mother-of-pearl buckle, or one of gold or silver, fastens it, or else it is fastened a trifle toward the left side by buttons or a long-looped bow of ribbon. The greater novelty, however, is the wide brocaded belt ribbon fastened by a buckle. The basque is without trimming in most cases, but sometimes a V of another fabric is introduced, and this V terminates in a point at the waist, instead of extending to the end of the basque. Another style is to invert this V, and have it spread out like a fan in pleats below the waist, making the back look very broad. Satin pipings on the edge, and two ornamental buttons, complete the plain back. We have already described the vests, Pompadour squares and blouse effects that are seen on the front.

White muslin dresses this season are so unique and pretty that they will surely restore this beautiful fabric to the favor it has lost for the past few seasons. The sheerest Swiss muslins or organdies are made up breadth for breadth over pink or blue silk, and are trimmed with insertions and flounces of needlework, and finished off with either Malines or the new patterns of Valenciennes lace. The flowing trains are appropriate for these simple white muslins that do not look well pleated in fans, and the silk linings enable the modiste to fit them perfectly as basques. A pretty style is to trim them with a cluster of upturned loops of narrow satin ribbon folded over to show the contrasting sides, and in these loops there are sometimes eight colors shown, making a bouquet of beautiful tints, such as pink, cardinal, red, pale blue, olive, navy blue, myrtle, cream and black. These loops are intermingled in the ruche of Malines lace that heads an embroidered flounce that surrounds the flowing train, beginning on the sides at the waist, and giving the appearance of a separate court train. This train is three breadths of narrow muslin laid smoothly over pink silk. The side gores of muslin are flat on the silk, and have two wide rows of embroidered Swiss insertion straight down them, separated by clusters of tucks. The front breadth has several diagonal rows of the insertion, a knife-pleating across the bottom, and a short wrinkled apron that does not extend to the knees. The close-fitting basque, with French back embroidered, and belted round front, is of the muslin, lined with pink silk, and is square in the neck. The sleeves are the only part not lined with silk; they are nearly all embroidery, are ruffled just below the elbow, and have the many-colored loops of ribbon. The belt is only in front, and consists of four folds of pink silk. White lace mitts wrought with colors should be worn with this dress.

A stylish way of using ribbons is that of doubling three shades of satin ribbon, each an inch wide, placing the loops closely together to form a band around the wrist, or round the short ruffle sleeves that stop halfway between the elbow and wrist. Imagine, for instance, that the dress is pale blue crepe batiste, trimmed with rose bud embroidery on net; then the folded ribbons on the sleeves will be olive green, rose, and pale blue. The bodice will have at the throat a rosette of these three colors, with hanging ends, and the habit basque will be laid in plaits, down each of which is a folded satin ribbon of one of these three colors.

There are three points to be considered in ribbons—effects, colors, widths. As regards effects, ribbons are to be feathery; as regards colors, they are either very soft or contrasting; as regards widths, the use of a ribbon must be regulated on its being narrow or broad, and this requires some development. Very narrow brocaded ribbons on all the new grounds are to be disposed as loops, flots, cocardes, rosettes and love-knots on bonnets, under bonnet curtains, on fichus, and in headdresses. The numbers known in trade for the above purposes are Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5. The designs are miniature Pompadour, and a very narrow feathery edging borders each side. For somewhat wider flots, to be bunched in between puffs of sleeves and slashes are Nos. 3, 4, 6.

For neckties and streamers from the girdle No. 5 is employed. These especially are shaded and have faille reversible facings. A handsome breadth is No. 12, the number selected for bonnet strings and windmill bows of satin. The Nos. 5 and 12 are also chosen for grenadine, brocaded with silk flowers. The grenadines in beige and gray look like miniature paintings done by hand on light mist. Many have fringes on either side.

Each color is in five or seven graduated shades from light to dark: Victoria (silver gray), Fumee (pale whiff or dark dove), Constantinople (gilt leather shade), Poirer du Japon (a warm vermillion), Nymphe (blushing rose), Panama (parched straw), Kara (beautiful bright geranium), Serpolet (wild thyme), Grison (grayish granite), Dark twilight Florentin (a kind of amber), Rosebush (green in all the rose-leafage tints), Bords du Nil (Moss).

The most beautiful buttons are engraved steel, cloisonne, and pearl, painted by hand. The cloisonne are enamel on imitation ivory; the designs are Paul and Virginia, Francoise de Rimini and her lover, Heloise and Abelard, or Romeo and Juliet. Chimeras, dragons and seaweed are admirably painted. The crise follow the beads, the cailloute are broken stones all over tortoise shell. All these buttons are in four sizes. Smoke pearl is decorated in many ways, dogs' and cocks' heads, bouquets and doves being in high relief and in natural colors. The stork is a favorite design, because it is supposed to bring luck. Pearl buckles in rich carving indicate the revival of waistbands. Acorns in buffalo are a novelty for washing fabrics.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Parker House Rolls.—I think "Dot" will find the following recipe the one she requires:

Boil one pint of milk and stir into it one heaped tablespoonful of lard and two even tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it cool, and when milk warm add flour enough to make a batter as thick as muffin batter. Then stir in a good gill of yeast and let it rise ten hours; then sprinkle some flour on the pasteboard. Lay the dough on it and sprinkle over it just enough sifted flour to roll it out about three-quarters of an inch thick. Do not stir or knead it. Cut out with a round cutter, brush the top of each roll with melted butter, then double each roll by folding the two opposite edges together like a turn-over, press the sides a little together, brush the top with melted butter. Set to rise in a warm place, and when very light, in about three hours, bake them ten or fifteen minutes in a moderate oven and serve at once. They should be of a very light brown color.—*Down East.*

Buns.—I send you a very good recipe in answer to the inquiry from "New Subscriber" for buns, and know she will find it reliable:

One potato boiled very soft; mash and add the water in which it was boiled (one pint); let it cool; make a batter of this with wheat flour and a tablespoonful of Indian meal, also a two-cent compressed yeast cake; let it rise in a warm place for two hours; then add one cupful light brown sugar, two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of butter, all beaten together; knead very soft; form into buns; let them rise again, and bake about 15 minutes in a moderate oven.—*Country Friend.*

Cheap Fruit Cake.—I have always used the following recipe for fruit cake in preference to any other, and it is considered a good and cheap one, so I think "Chester" will like it:

Seventeen oz. of brown sugar; five eggs; one pound of raisins; one pound of currants; one-fourth pound of citron; one heaping teaspoonful of soda; one-half cupful of molasses; one tumblerful of sweetened vinegar—I use that from pickled peaches or pears; one tablespoonful of cloves; one tablespoonful of cinnamon; one nutmeg; one pound of flour. This will keep one year.—*West Chester.*

Dear Post—In return for the favors of your good column devoted to "Ladies' Chat," I send you the following, which I hope will be acceptable:

Washstand Splasher.—I have seen a washstand splasher which I thought real pretty, and offer to the Fireside Chat. It was made of drab-colored rubber oil cloth, oblong in shape and pinked around the edges; then scrap book pictures were pasted over it, and varnished; it is easily sponged off when dusty.

Combination Cake.—Make up the cake same as cup cake, as follows: Two cups of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of butter stirred to a cream, five eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder and nearly all of a quart of flour. This is for white part. To two tablespoonfuls of the above mixture add one-half cup of raisins, a few currants, one-half cup of flour and half a cup of molasses. Bake the white mixture in two layers, in separate tins, the dark in one layer for centre. Spread jelly between each layer.—*Queen Mab.*

Would it be possible for you to publish directions to knit a cloud in Shetland wool.—*Young Knitter.*

Baking Powders.—I can recommend the following to "Farmer's Wife," as I have tried it with success:

One-half pound rice flour, 2 oz. tartaric acid, 3 oz. carbonate of soda.—*Economist.*

Will some one kindly tell me how to prepare "devilled sardines?"—*Minto.*

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

MAUD, (Pickens, Ala.)—In introductions, the gentleman is to be introduced to the lady.

CLARE, (West Chester, Pa.)—Unless you are previously engaged to dance, it is rude to refuse. It would be polite for her to offer her seat to an elderly gentleman.

BLOSSOM, (Oxford, Me.)—It is not necessary for the lady to make the gentleman any present at all when they are engaged, and after he has made her one; but she can do so if she likes.

IGNORAMUS, (Troup, Ga.)—The wedding-ring, of course, is not worn until it is placed on the finger at church. It may be bought whenever it suits the convenience of the bridegroom elect.

OWEN, (Delaware, Ind.)—In many cases a red nose after meals is caused by indigestion. A lighter kind of food is in some cases needed; in others a tonic may be requisite. It is wise to consult a doctor.

H. M. M., (Bloomington, Neb.)—We have not seen the paper you mention for several years, and cannot even tell whether it is still published. Your best course would be to direct an inquiry to New York.

E. A., (Phila., Pa.)—Elder-flower water is for the improvement of the complexion. It should be applied with the corner of a towel or a cambric handkerchief three or four times a day in the hot weather.

P. D., (Franklin, Tenn.)—You must study your own personal dignity in the matter. It is neither right nor proper to make advances to any gentleman. Should he actually propose, you can then take what steps you please.

BEATRICE, (Tolland, Conn.)—A person who is constitutionally disposed to stoutness cannot overcome the tendency altogether, but may check it by taking a great deal of exercise, and refraining from beer, sugar and butter.

DORINDA, (Lycoming, Pa.)—From six to ten drops of solution of chlorinated soda in a wine-glass full of water every morning, will sweeten the breath for the day, when the taint arises from the stomach, and not from the teeth.

JOAN, (Monroe, O.)—There can be no actual impropriety in a lady's marrying a gentleman five years younger than herself, though we greatly doubt the wisdom of such a step. As a rule, most men marry wives younger than themselves.

HAL, (Wasco, Oregon.)—If she is engaged, she ought not to receive the attentions of anybody else than her affianced lover. She must get released by one lover before she can take up with another. But it is for her to decide where her heart leads her.

AMBER, (Phila., Pa.)—There was a disease called the Barbadoes distemper, or the great sickness, which appeared in New York in 1702. It was really the yellow fever imported from the West Indies, and very fatal, from not being properly understood.

ELLA, (Hamilton, Fla.)—It is your lover's first duty to show that he is an honest man. Merely telling you he is so does not constitute him one. Bad fellows very often deceive their sweethearts, when they can't blind other people's eyes to their misdoings.

ARNOLD, (Hemlock Lake, N. Y.)—Instead of there being any impropriety in your accompanying a lady home from church Sunday nights, if you can get her consent it is just the thing for you to do. Indeed if you have the opportunity, there would rather be an impropriety in your not doing so.

A. J. F., (Harrison, Ky.)—It is highly imprudent for any lady as young as you describe yourself to be, to walk out with another of the same age at the hours of the night mentioned. No respectable young person should be about so late unless in the company of their parents or some elderly and trustworthy person.

FAITH, (Alcorn, Miss.)—Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those differences that occasionally rise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that however strong the injunction of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge of it on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

P. B., (Caswell, N. C.)—Longevity is quite a relative term. The three score years and ten have been too many times overreached; and, in fact, we are daily reading of centenarians from some quarter. We think the western people are on the whole the longest livers, from their simple and natural manner of living, avoiding the excesses and excitements which too often lead to early death.

P. E., (Jackson, Iowa.)—The distinction between the titles of king and emperor is not very closely defined. Emperor is derived from the word imperator, a title used by the sovereigns of Rome. An imperial crown should by rights only belong to a sovereign ruling over more than one nation. The Emperor of Austria assumes to himself the titles of King of Hungary and of Bohemia, the imperial autocrat of Russia has merged the sovereignty of Poland in the crown of Russia.

X. Y., (Spotsylvania, Va.)—Palimpsest is a name given to a piece of parchment which has been written upon twice, or oftener, the prior writing erased, and the surface prepared for new by rubbing. The word is derived from a Greek root, whose meaning is to rub. The ancients used the word in the sense here given, but they also applied it to leaves of books used by authors for a preliminary writing of their works, which were so made that the ink could be wiped off in order to make corrections and revisions.

J. K. N., (Jackson, Miss.)—It is a difficult matter for a novice to get an article published in a good magazine. You must send your contribution to the editor of whatever publication you select, and let it take its chance. The more neatly and plainly it is written the more likely will it be to receive attention. It would not be rejected solely because it was written on both sides of the leaf; but that would be a drawback, as the editor would at once know by that token that it came from an unpractised hand.

G. T., (Mason, Mich.)—We should not recommend you to allow religious differences to stand in the way of your happiness. Come to a thorough understanding beforehand, with your intended, that there are to be no religious discussions after marriage, and agree that there shall be no attempt on either side at conversion. Also pre-arrange in what creed the children, if any, shall be brought up; but as you seem to be less particular than the lady, you may as well agree that she shall have full discretionary power in this respect.

B. FRANCIS, (Grant, Wis.)—It strikes us that the young lady of whom you speak is only amusing herself at your simplicity. A young gentleman who would "go to see a young lady for twelve months regularly, and think it was all right," without declaring his attachment for her, must be either very simple or very conceited. As you say she does not answer your letters, but shows them to her friends, it is evident that she does not care a great deal for you, but is vastly amused with your rusticity. Let such mischievous girls alone for the future.

S. S. B., (Esphenia, O.)—If you have written once to the lady and received no answer, it would be both wise and proper to write again after waiting a reasonable time for a reply. It is quite possible that your note may have miscarried. 2. The color of the eyes would be a very bad criterion by which to choose a wife. The same color is frequently present in people of entirely different natures. Blue eyes, by the poetic and fanciful, are regarded as indicating sweetness and gentleness of disposition. 3. It is against our rules to insert advertisements of the kind you send.

O. O. T., (Kent, R. I.)—The shaking propensities of the leaf of the aspen tree are proverbial. By some it is supposed to proceed from the leaf-stalks being flattened at the end; but that is common to other poplars, whose leaves are not so restless. Some ascribe it to the plane of the long stalk-leaf being at right angles with that of the leaf, thus allowing a freer motion than they could have had if the planes had been parallel. Others attribute it to the length and slenderness of the leaf-stalks; but others again believe that the cross of Christ was made of this tree, and that, therefore, the tree can never rest. It has been maliciously affirmed that of the leaves of the aspen were made women's tongues, "which seldom cease wagging."

DOUBT, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—In making presents, much depends upon the station in life of the individuals. For instance, a person in moderate circumstances may present a gift which is handsome when viewed in reference to his means, but which would be paltry for one of larger fortune. And then, too, the age and taste of the person to whom the gift is to be offered, should be taken into consideration. Books to a gentleman who never reads, or a horse to one who never rides, or a gold watch to one who has two or three already, would be evidently out of place. But as a general thing, such articles as rings, pieces of plate or china, pictures or prints, books, writing-desks, dressing-cases, portfolios, inkstands, chessmen and boards, snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, etc., should be regarded as suitable presents between gentlemen.

ACADEMUS, (Annapolis, Md.)—Yes. Military museums afford abundant proof of the antiquity of breech-loading cannon. The precise construction of the guns used at the battle of Crecy, can only be conjectured, but breech-loaders certainly as old as the Tudor period, and one probably of the time of Henry VI., are still to be seen at the Museum of the United Service Institution, Eng. There lie the old guns, breech-pieces and all, which sank in the Mary Rose, and which, by their rough workmanship, account for the accidents which oftimes befel ancient bombardiers. It was these accidents which probably led to the abandonment of the breech-loading system, and the employment of muzzle-loaders for the last two centuries. The old cast-iron gun may be seen at Woolwich and other places in its original form, and also in the various stages of conversion into the weapon for the moment in favor.

CONTROVERSY, (Cass, Ind.)—The observance of Lent—which is a derivative from a word meaning Spring—is very ancient. At first it was a fast of forty hours, some say in commemoration of the time Christ lay in the grave. It was enjoined by the Church in A. D. 130. By A. D. 220 it had been extended to a week or more, and a little later to three weeks. The Council of Nice, held A. D. 325, ordained that it should last six weeks, and it was designated the Forty Days' Fast, probably in memory of the fasting and the temptation of Christ. An Act passed in the reign of Edward VI. of England, imposed a penalty or imprisonment for eating meat in Lent. There is reason to believe that the practice of eating fish has just been maintained from time to time with the laudable view of aiding the fisheries. The Reformed Church of England has confirmed the observance. By an Act passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth victuallers were prohibited from selling flesh in Lent. There is no mention of the practice in the writings of the Apostles.

SAM O, (Lewisburg, Va.)—1. If the lady refuses you her company, and she does not voluntarily give her reasons for her conduct, you have no right to insist upon her telling. It may be a womanly desire to spare your feelings, that she does not give them. You might ask her to explain, and if she declines, the wisest plan would be to question her no further. 2. It is only a confirmed coquette that would be likely to reject an offer for the sake of having it repeated. In your own case you must determine whether there is sufficient ground for believing that another proffer of your addresses would be more successful, before taking such a step. All things considered, we think it would be more manly and proper not to ask her again. 3. We cannot tell you the exact prices of the articles you mention, as they vary from fifty to thousands of dollars. The syrups can be had in the large cities exceedingly cheap. 4. Different chemicals are used in freezing ice, ether and various other acids being among the number. They, and the necessary machinery, are both costly.